THE

WORKS

OF

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY.

M,DCC,XCVIII.

Price bound, *Ten Shillings* and *Sixpence*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEM ON THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit ſumma dies. VIRGIL.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble; Thou alone
Can bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.
Yet more behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.
When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The *Patriach* thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?
But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-governed life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

T. WARTON.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred, truths in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold;
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of *mortality*,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes;]
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous sons alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of *India's* blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;]
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,

And

And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
Of future judgment, and the rising dead:
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan.
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTRAM.

Pemb. Coll.
Oxen.

TO THE AUTHOR.

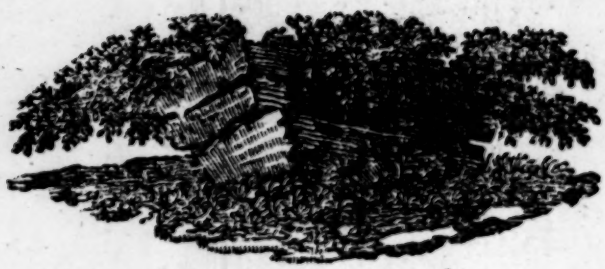
ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all that spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self, destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd!
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen!
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom's* fruit:

 And

And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just:
And fames a breath, and men are dust.

1736 J. BANCKS.



THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor. VIRGIL.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of state:
With *Britains* Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire:
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields:
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan:
Death's ancient sceptre, broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendours of the *British* crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place and kind,
Hear, and assist a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I strive to praise.
But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face:

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

See springs gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but hear their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind bound-navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe's* law, in *Albion's* channel ride.
View the whole earths vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And Gods right-hand can all its wrath discharge,
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period rise, and that decay:
So *vast*, this world's a grain, yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where *constellations* shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all *nature* be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate)!
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolv'ing earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;

While

While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands
And (If man's sin forbids not) other ANNES:
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
(Ye sublunary worlds awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake)!
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
In sudden night all earth's dominion lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the boudage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Through God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel-angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest not of peace.
If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms.
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,

The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down the immortal hosts in dread array,
The *trumpet* sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make;
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the sight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.
Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.
The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes:
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.
Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night:
Say melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair:
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late,
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state:
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day;
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'ns darling child, and fav'rite of her God

Now

Now looks an exile from her Fathers care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high
No light, but from the terrors of the sky;
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister-worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought: Oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour?
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate has stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Who death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God; Oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His hearts dismay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But

But why this idle toil to paint *that* day;
This time, elaborately thrown away;
Worlds all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a *Last Day?* and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that *Vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreadful foe, bright *beauty* shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Born, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight:
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;
The mountain flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen'd billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terror on their actions past:
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas:
Unload their shatter'd bark, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the storms so nigh!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.
But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word.
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathen attends in all his state:
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws, enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprise;

Measures

Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
And roll's his wond'ring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath
And glides serenely through the paths of death.
Two wond'drous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

———Ελπίζομεν εν πιζομεν εις Θαος εγθειν.
Λειψαν αποιχομενων επιφω δε Θεα τεενθοντχι.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

———*We hope, that the departed will rise again from the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.*

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head:
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind*:

I sing

I sing to men and angels: angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpets intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions, journeying there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome's* almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitors sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffians blade.
No trumpets sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewel.
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpets sound each fragrant note shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.
So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen'd sound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling, on a bough decend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd or wish'd for her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame,
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.
Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.
That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion's* heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust:
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;

Shrin

* Westminster Abbey.

Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.
Here *greatness* prostrate falls; there, *strength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* smile; there, *beauty* hides her face.
Christians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans*, stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguished band.
Some, who, perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd;
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviours love partake.
But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail, illustrious * names,
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,

* *Founders of* New-college, Corpus Christi, *and* All Souls *in* Oxford; *of all which the Author was a member.*

For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL sung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *love divine!*
But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summoned to the bar.
This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away: let no machine
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen;
Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo, the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'ns all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along:
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
ADAM salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art.
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days?

To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.
How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shadow grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies whose command
Said to one empire, *Fall;* another, *Stand:*
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree.
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramilia's* host.
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms res.und.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye——Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou choose?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'ns great Sov'reign, reigns in world's of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*
Matter, and *form*, and fortune, *life* and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;

Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heavens everlasting SON;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds it light,
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, to find a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* shines in purest light,
On one, the sword of *justice fiercely bright.*
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Imposter he shall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heaven, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightning's play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in *Betblem* born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from *him,* who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd and dy'd;
Hung

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd,——I am wholly thine.
Mistaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou, or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea! and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the colnmns fly,
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Christian* flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say (not to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam),
Dare not to affirm, they wish it all a dream;

Wish

Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
" Oh! give the winds all past offences to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.
" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
" Oh may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great OTTOMAN, or greater CZAR,
" Not *Europe's* arbitress of peace and war.
" May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*

" Through

" Through ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
" Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'st our powr'ful armies forth,
" And giv'st Great ANNE *Thy* sceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-ray*,
" Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
" And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with order of consummate love;
" Nor cease at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endless worship shall be still begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this worlds shut, and awful planets rise,
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
" Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
" And show all nature in a milder light;
How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
" How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the *World* asleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Can'st thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
" Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
" Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
" And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity's* deep bosom lies!
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold,

" Then

" Then wafted upwards to the blissful state,
" From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* see,
" And rival angels in the praise of THEE."

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret. OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding: the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the *Muse* or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing nature lenghthens out the sound!
Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard,
And thou, my soul, (Oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep)! shalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand);

How

How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in my mind.
Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound? What millions would'st thou give
For One more trial, One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moments space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the *Sun;* but still of *this* despair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Makers image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terrors rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,

Lest

Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.
Since ADAM's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast:
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts, *time's* brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
Gave names to nations: or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow:
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in BOURBON's palace sound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Through heav'ns high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expand its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light, scarce unappall'd, look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.
Such is the scene; and one short moments space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.

Proceed

Proceed who dares!——I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be exprest.
" Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And cast me out into the wrath of God;
" Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only s..ng, black fires malignant light!
" The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
" Must all those pow'rs, heaven gave me to supply
" My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
" Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
" *Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe?
" And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *existence* only measure *pain?*
" What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n?
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguish'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
" Have I not been industrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obstinately broke?
" Pursu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the slack'ning flame;
" Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend
" The reach of time, despair a distant end?
" With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies.
" *NEVER!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?

" Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain:
" My plunge but still begun——And this for sin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass
" Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass.
" Father of mercies! why from silent earth
" Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth!
" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
" And make a thankless present of thy light?
" Push into being a reverse of thee,
" And animate a clod with misery?
" The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain?
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death away?
" As our dire punishment for ever strong,
" Our constitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour still the same,
" Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
" To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
" And this *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
" And canst Thou then look down from perfect bless,
" And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
" Calling Thee Father, in a sea of fire?
" Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire?
" With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
" But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And shall I make those glories cease to shine?

" Shall

" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it? and oh! grant, Great *God*, at least
" This one, this slender, almost *no* request:
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
" Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."
Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool.
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'ns terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire;

Black rising clouds the thicken'd *æther* choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light,
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and bellows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.
Hears't thou that dreadful crack? that sound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook;
What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell:
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand.
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Show me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball,
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel say, Where ran proud *Asia's* bound?
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where stretch waste *Lybia?* Where did *India's* store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom ADAM's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conqu'ring flame,

This

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin: yet one *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Fortels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts thy landing wait;
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky;
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRGIL.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRGIL.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: Indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise;
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born:
When now *Maria's* pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY'S bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK'S race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;

Hurl'd

Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.
But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart;
At once she longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.
At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily or the blooming rose.
"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
"What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
"A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
"A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
"Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
"To wealth eternal; and return above;
"Above, where no distinction shall be known
"'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
"And him who, basking in the smiles of fate,
"Shone forth in all the splendor of the great;
"Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
"I lately was a Queen; I still am so,
"While GUILFORD's wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
"Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
"When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
"Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
"And I to death my duty will improve,
"And what you miss in empire; and in love——
"Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
"And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
"For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
"To find with what content we lay it down.
"Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
"Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For lo! a guard!—Forgive him if he melt——
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now silent wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love! the vision of a day.
Thus in the *British* clime a summer storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise;
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the *lover's* breast,
Each night a ruffian locks the *Queen* to rest.

Ah

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the fight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief:
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!

"'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is Thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
"In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill, frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well; (O strengthen me to bear)!
"Ay if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a Future State;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore!
"'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
"If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
"Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
"And in a guilty land to speak Thy praise!
"O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
"If *these* are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
"And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad necessity of his return;

The

The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagined to complain;
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night,
Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks! and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command;
With royal purple is her vision hung;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung;
Low at her feet, the suppliant rival lies;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A short liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and was no more;
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD)! of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain!
Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride;
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;

No

No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears;
And bliss and rapture rising out of *cares*:
No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her *dearest father* shall return.
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver-hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the bless'd *Indian* of his care beguile.
In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
She, through the encircling terrors, darts her sight
To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father* and her *lord* she recommends;
Unmov'd herself: Her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars; nor nought on earth detains her care—
But GUILFORD; who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love;
At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD's shield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh! mortals short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.

She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.
Celestial *Patience!* how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While *Passion* takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the *Zealot's* heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should GUILFORD too—when now she's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual like the rising day,
To chase the shadows, and the damps away:
But like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.

Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis? VIRGIL.

HER GUILFORD clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd: the sight;
Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke;
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.
So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain.
The weeping fair: Sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill dissembled grief: "My life, forbear!
"You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;
"Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone;
"Have you beheld how, from the distant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
"There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the successive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;
"They sound and swell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall and flatten, break and disappear.
"Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay:
"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;
"You *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
"And are again your tears profusely spilt!
"Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
"It foils itself, if it recal your pain;—
"Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
"The load which fate imposes, you increase;
"And help MARIA to destroy my peace."
But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd:
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind:
Her sorrow flow'd in streams: nor her's alone,
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd.

'Tis

'Tis now the *Queen's* command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state;
She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only shows the darkness of the room.
A shining axe is on the table laid;
A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.
In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly: "I despise
"An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
"But where's the CHARLES or DIOCLESIAN, where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
"Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
"In full possession of thy snowy hand!
"And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,
"The heav'nly treasures of the mind to spy!
"Till rapture reason happily destroys,
"And my soul wanders through immortal joys.
"Give me the world, and ask me, Where's my bliss?
"I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.
"And shall the grave."—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
From that fair neck that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!
Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly bless'd!
For who but GUILFORD could be thus distress'd?
Come hither all you happy, all you great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:

Weep not: but, smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the *brave* or *fair*.
Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
See, if you can, by that dull trembling light:
Now they embrace: and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like *Isis* and her *Thames*, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statutes of despair:
Now tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.
Meantime, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they should *only* bleed,
A priest is sent; who, with infidious art,
Instils his poison into SUFFOLK's heart;
And GUILFOLD drank it: Hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with *Rome* possest.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills through ev'ry vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent;
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
"And ward your own, your lord's and father's doom."
Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now *first* she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her fathers death? must she
Bid GUILFORD bleed?—It must not, cannot be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature: and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;

Though

Though tainted air our vig'rous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake,
Yet are we strong; Hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;
'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
As He shall reign Almighty, We are strong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad.—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"
Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous man!
In this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled in its birth the mighty thought;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: He beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest:
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
"And show one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
"In pity to thyself, forget the past!
"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear;
"Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
"Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;
"That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
"And make the future like the present hour.
"Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
"Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
"And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.

" *Th's* might perhaps be borne without remorse;
" But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
" His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
" Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been severe;
" Then take your vengeance."—SUFFOLK now drew near;
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke:
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
" And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
" When you shall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to her lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the *Queen* brib'd you to distress her foe;
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky?
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love and human interest bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind;
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreathes his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies!
While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;

Large

Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of th se wh ose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourner sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale;
Nor truths to stagger human faith, reveal?
She met this utm st malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pi us state:
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breas:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.
" Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*:
" I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,
" If so the Queen decrees *—But I have cause
" To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy still for you in store:
" With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
" He shot his sting in *that* farewel embrace;
" And all that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress,
" Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, " My victory's complete;
" And tell your *Queen* I thank her for the blo v,
" And grieve, my gratitude I cannot show:
" A poor return I leave in *England's* crown,
" For everlasting pleasure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays th s happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."
Not *Rome*, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate,
And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them

LOVE OF FAME.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

Fulgente trahit constrictos *gloria* curru
Non minus *ignotus generosi*. HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation: the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: It is much to be feared, *that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by* Satire; *all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will* certainly *be never chased out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions.* Ethics, *Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a* Satire *on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that Satire is in verse too: Nay, in the first ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: So that I hope these Satires will be more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by their weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay,* Historians

torians *themselves may be considered as Satirists, and Satirists most severe; fine such are most human actions, that to* relate, *is to* expose *them.*

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent *to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for* this *reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.*

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: And the cause *seems not to be the natural cure of any* effect.

Moreover, Laughing Satire *bids the fairest for success: The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when the Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy* Horace *is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion.* Juvenal *is ever in a passion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The last of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.*

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, *in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner: but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too,* Boileau *has joined* both *the* Roman *Satirists with great success; but has too much of* Juvenal *in his very serious satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends* Boileau's *closeness, or, as he calls it,* Pressness, *particularly, whereas, it appears to me,*

that

that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself: which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, *if not the* wit, *of* Cervantes *and* Rabelais? *The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an adversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is* *, alienа venia, quam sua providentia tutior.

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats,) should set up for reputation among the weak, *in some* Bæotia, *which was the land of oracles; for the* wise *will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in* ambiguities; *but not with equal success: For though ambiguities, are the* first *excellence of an imposter, they are the* last *of a wit.*

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, *laugh at every thing indiscriminately: which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how they can expect their own parts should escape? Some* French *writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to* one individual *in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a* wit a *term of reproach.*

Which puts me in mind of Plato's *fable of the birth of* Love: *one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern* poetry. Love, *says*

* *Val. Max.*

says he, is the son of the goddess Poverty, *and the god of Riches: He has from his* father *his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: From his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made;* viz. *That* Poetry, *like* Love *is a little subject to* blindness, *which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours: that she has her satirical* quiver; *and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her* father's *family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her* mother's *relations.*

However, this is not necessity, *but* choice: *Were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.*

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a muse you cannot *fear.*
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name:
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *Blackmore,* or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of *Fame,* but *Fame* of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;

When

When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful hand;
When the *Law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light;
When *churchmen* scripture for the classes quit,
Polite apostates from God's *grace to wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chase our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease?
Shall *Poesy*, like *Law*, turn right to wrong,
And dedications wash on *Æthiop* white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a *post*?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *Satirize* with nothing——but their *praise*?

Why slumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain,
DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
And guilts chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled;
CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! She will not write, and MÆVIUS will.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * *Roman*, shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?

The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er

* HORACE.

O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight-lamp in college cells;
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, speaks in masquerades.
Here, to *Steele's humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at *Pulteney's eloquence.*
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life;* but nods in sable *plumes,*
Adorns our *herse,* and flatters on our *tombs.*
What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold,* like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look,* another way they *steer,*
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book
Or *pompous* title like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sorts to wretched wine.
If at his title *T*——had dropt his quill,
T——might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But *T*——alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler,* who was once a *man.*
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A's depos'd,* and *B* with pomp *restor'd.*
Some, for *renown,* on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote.*
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride.*
On *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear?*
Polite diseases make some idiots *vain;*
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still)! of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame:
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning steep;
And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay, it holds DELIA from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale,
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
Satire! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Though for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the last, all *Gresham* intercede.
BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefather's feet
By heraldy prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let

Let high birth-triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing——but merit in a long estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and wise;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
DORSET, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth, hereditary, shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a *South-sea* tide
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause!*
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.
BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, *Chandos* he'll out-do;
And, *Burlington*, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; ev'ry toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies PYGMALION's flame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not *Fountain's* self more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *Pembroke* more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.

"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail,
"Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *English* bail!"
Such *heads* might make their very *busts* laugh:
His daughter starves; but * CLEOPATRA's safe.
Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear your *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expence:
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
The most inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for satire; it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like AARONS, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,
Like MOSES', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood;
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.

Completely

* A famous statue.

Completely drest by * MONTEUL, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night, with Lady *B———'s* hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcombs *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and *stoic*-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still:
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.
The *Squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say dear, HIPPOLITUS (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a *Christmas* tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friends receiv'd with thumps upon the back,)

* A famous tailor.

When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Just RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gipsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.
Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew:
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords, to SCROPE discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend*.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At *Bath*, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like DELIA's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad?*

SATIRE II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *gods* make other poems fine;
Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,

Almighty

Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *ba'm* of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
* HIPPOLITUS demands the *sylvan* crown;
But FLORIO's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun! To make † *Paul Diack* rise.
From morn to night has FLORIO gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape? What hue? Was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C———! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! What *demon* cropt my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crush't by me;
"Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bowd'st thy knee."
But all men want *amusement;* and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
We grant *they're idle,* if they'll ask no more.
We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?

What's

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
A short liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.
With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy smit?
The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And TONSON, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
But found at last that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For *Romans, Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
LORENZO sign'd the bargain——with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care.
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his author's *liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
But leaves to *Chesterfield* what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O *Stan-*

O *Stanhope*, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long illustrious blood,
In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.
By your example would HILARIO mend:
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He spares nor friend, nor foe: but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen,
The *fame* men gives is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jester*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a *just* offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave?*
For all but such with caution I forebore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*:
No mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:

But

* Letters sent to the Author, signed MARCUS.

But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheaded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons, disappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
When some home-joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine——to be *fools*;
Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness*,
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you——"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes*, thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, the're *dev'lish white*.
LAMPRIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child: but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief!* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*:
Some stupid, plodding, money loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son;
And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp*; another, *not* to see:
Miss D———, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.
CRASSUS, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair;"

Then

Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.
These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.
Hence, *Chesterfield*, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise)! that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.
With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone?
These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame: for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at WHITE's was young FLORELLO seen!
How black his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,

Whether

Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joys supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)!
STANHOPE in wit, in breeding DELORAINE.
Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.
MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'sr surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear;
A fam'd surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim!)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went.
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent:*
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
And glory, at one entrance quite shut out *.
He scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim:*
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
There own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.
Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they p:s',
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;

While

* MILTON.

While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But who art Thou?" methinks FLORELLO cries
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last*:
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR DODDINGTON.

LONG, DODDINGTON, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three*:
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame;
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;

Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from sour critics vindicate the muse.
"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you!
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast)! the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through *Parnassus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gauge,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;

Since

Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look:*
Another judges, for he *bought the book;*
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep.*
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste:
And *eat* their way to *fame;* with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May;*
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is——*to dine.*
Half of their precious day they give the *feast;*
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
APICIUS here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare;*
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great,*
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *Harvey's* eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.

NIGER adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*,
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents*, that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain!* doubtless thou wast meant
A nursse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Though PHOEBUS and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
'Tis I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A WELCH descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See TITYRUS, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth?
Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wisdom)! of a beauteous *wife*;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches* and my Lady's *kind*.

To

To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too?
VINCENNA knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his reproach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, *he's exact in great.*
"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra, he must confess:
But not a soul to give our arms success.
"Ah! That's an hit indeed," *Vincenna* cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee;*
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take the wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedient for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn the less.
Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make,
Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in *Sheer-Lane.*
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:

From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, PHILANDER, at his need,
(Thank to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste?
Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;
For, lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear:
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell.
And SHAKSPEARE's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *English* is their mother tongue.
To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-Lane!*
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country* ——if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of *politeness* is the needful ground:
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! For these latter days;
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, HEYDEGGER, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.

Thou

Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*,
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids!*
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings!*
Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence?*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life:

Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*.
For men's refusing what you ought too gain.
May, DODDINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd:
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious *woodbine* grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs;
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, COMPTON, born, o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *Crown's* asserter, and the *People's* friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the *muse*;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with spleen undone;
CHREMES, for any airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his services to the *State* and *Crown*;
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ: some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee* for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees;

Knows,

Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A *quid nunc* is an *almanack* of State.
You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate *Not content* can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.
What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.
GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a *Bible*, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed;
How'e'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.
Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, BLUNT talks with wond'rous force;
But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *Mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke*:
Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.
C——, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan and *he* believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

NARCISSUS

NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* disclaims;
Nay, a *Free-mason* with some terror names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
He miss'd, these many years, the *Church* or *Play*:
He makes no noise in *Parliament*, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing rooms:
When *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
NARCISSUS is the glory of his race:
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through black life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.
To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing *ill*.
ARBUTHNOT is a fool, and F——a sage,
S—LY will fright you, E———engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and SUSSEX is the worst of friends;
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush, if you surprise them in the *right*;
If they by chance blurt out ere well aware,
A swan is white, or QUEENSBERRY is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's *out*,
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;

Though

Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing *other's* follies than your *own.*
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime,
That SLOANE the foremest *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curiou fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,
And ASHMOLE's baby house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru!*
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which JOSEPH *never* wore!
He shows, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen BESS's chin.
"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
"Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
"Was ever year unblest as *this?*" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these,*
Unhappy I——Y! how came *you* to please?
Not gaudy butterflies are LICO's game;
But, in effect, his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he *levees* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate:*
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or LICO, or their *shadows* lag behind;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun,*
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever,* to be caught:
But after seven years dance, from place to place,
The *Dane* * is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *glass,* with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave;
Or *cushion,* when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease;

Or

* A *danish* dog of the Duke of *Argyll.*

Or a vile *butt*, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, *Chimney sweep*, or drive a *plough?*
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close?*
Scarce meaner they who terms like these *impose*.
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
"BOYLE shines in council, MORDAUNT in the fight,
"PELHAM's magnificent; but I can write,
"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat:*
Grown *lean* and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinners'* lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post?*
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat?*
What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muse, for less than half-a-crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint?*
Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd?*
Defunct by PHŒBUS' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg;*
A dedication is a *wooden leg;*

A barren

A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Exposes *barrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle DAMON is my *friend*.
" It's then a crime to *write?*"——If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For some, though few, there are large minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unmask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
ARGYLL true wit is studious to restore;
And DORSET smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before;
PEMBROKE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And HENRIETTA like a muse inspires.
But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirsts for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess *alive?*
Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*,
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.
Not only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold;*
The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in *Lombard-street*,
From rescu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*,
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail,——but *half a-crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*,——by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge* and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:
'Tis the worlds debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
AUGUSTUS' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak:
The ROMAN would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt!——— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:

But

But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*:
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.
The sex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair——— ! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
BRITANNIA's daughters much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish'd to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun;
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, *Parks*, coarse feasts *in City-halls*,
Lectures and *Trials*, *Plays*, *Committees*, *Balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *Executions*, *Smithfield* scenes,
And *Fortune-tellers* Caves, and *Lion's* Dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *Drawing-rooms*,
Installments, *Pillories*, *Coronations*, *Tombs*,
Tumblers, and *Funerals*, *Puppet-shows*, *Reviews*,
Sales, *Races*, *Rabbets*, (and still stranger!) *Pews*.
CLARINDA's bosom burns, but burns for *Fame*:
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she *now* dispenses; *then*,
Like *April* suns, dives into clouds agen:
With all her lustre, *now* her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows:
Without she freezes, and within she glows:

Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd.
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapter* for the day,
In——CLEOPATRA, or the last new play,
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Not far beneath her in *renown* is she,
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows——*that her great-grandfather is dead.*
A dearth of *words* a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn——*to bear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shows* or *makes* you both polite and wise.
XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can say,
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address,"
Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husbands kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen XANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*:
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt avenging ills, to man belong:

What

What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy* and from *fate?*
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortunes; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive* as *dead*,
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chase,
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailors calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* BETTY leaps a five-bar'd gate;
While fair *Miss* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Not rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* steed must DELIA's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it through the admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as JOHN, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:

Sesostris like, such charioteers as *these*
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, *swim*, *shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the *Belle-lettres* lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town ——*she's fair*.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease?
Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair!
O no: see Stella; her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear!
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.
Sempronia lik'd her man: and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart,
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd, deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *threescore*.
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of pride and *av'rice* who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few:
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:

Fancy

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
When *surfeit* or *unthankfulness* destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive,
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
LEMIRA's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes, but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
"I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in *June*:
"And though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight Park is sov'reign for a *cold*:
"With *cholics* breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,
Must women have a *doctor* or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die in perfect health *at home*:
For want——but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.
Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has *Veny* * chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas *night*."
Did she then dance or play? "Nor this nor that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone her *pray'rs* she rather chose;
"Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady CYNTHIA, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others,

* Lap dog.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* agen:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
Yet LAURA's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.
How gay *they* smile! Such blessings *nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
But our lew'd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *arts* deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such FULVIA's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect! gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite;
Where silver riv'lets play through flowry's mead,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and rank and *stinging* hate.
Which choke our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth)! are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.
There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:
Their sacred force AMELIA feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, AMELIA weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On DURFEY's poesy, and BUNYAN's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
PHOEBE, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness:
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the *present* hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is our own weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As

As FLAVIA in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul)! in tears:
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found
(Surprising sight)! his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracles, says STREPHON, makes thee weep?
"Ah, barb'rous man," she cries, "how could you——
"*sleep?*"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*:
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste?*
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn;
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor despair;
Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
PHYLLIS demands eternal love at *least*,
Embracing PHYLLIS with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend!*
What day next week th' Eternity shall *end?*

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love?*
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to ROWLEY flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, POITIER, thy sublunary dance:
Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh air:
And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
'Tis not in air pumps the gay colonel dies.

But

But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex! soon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got..
Turns out the stars, and NEWTON is a sot.
To ——— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, sincere;
In crowds collected; and in courts, severe;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal:
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlen the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress?*
But, O! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sinecure:*
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet:*
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good,
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,

To

To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair.*
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *boy* men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee;*
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower?*
The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise;*
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove,*
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love.*
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it *promises*——and *pays,*
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now; anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And thing accomplishments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun;*
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays.*
Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA's eye,
As riot, impudence,, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treaded long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this.*
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will.*

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*—that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *bears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pan's! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate!
That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heav'n)! against the *poison* of their eyes.
THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a *naked* mind).
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian System, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his stead?
A *lady!* pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men.*
Few to good breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue,* join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd,* her parents *pray'd,*
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature* to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D———'s* self will be polite.
Ye rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain's* isle!
When high born ANNA, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me something *more,*
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore;*
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time;*
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old.*
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms?
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,

Intent

Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb:
In vain the cock had summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.
O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent PORTIA? *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.
That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like blushing rose buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* toss it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe,
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!

When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:
Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all th se wretch s I desc ibe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promise bliss *to come*.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit comœdia vocem. HOR.

I Sought a patroness, but sought in vain,
APPOLLO whisper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN."—
I know her not.——"Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
"Men

" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then steal great names, to shield them from the town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*;
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from ZINK more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride;
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To *Church* as constant as to *Drury-Lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curtsies to curtsies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker——and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
SATAN himself will toll the parish-bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this *Vesta*, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit.*
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,"
First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence.*
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite;*
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad.*
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
FLAVIA is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear,
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed.*
AMASIA hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over good*——
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.
Unmarried ABRA puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity.*
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
" *Who would not think that* ABRA *was a maid?*"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting——but her spark.

LUCIA

* SHAKESPEARE.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no distraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.
If TULLIA had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*;
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretend, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence:
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"*How charming this!*"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more?
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious

Anxious MELANIA rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due;
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with CELIA to the hall."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would MELANIA be supris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist*, though not exceeding fair.
ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd*, and *wretched* thing?
Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy

Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes:
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine;
JULIA's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*:
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate* or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *sooth* and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?
SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commends or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.
BRUNETTA's wise in actions great and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfast with ALICIA, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands and much besnuff'd her face.

A nail

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers beware! to *wound* how can she fail,
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast*, for thee.
Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A *female slover* is an odious sight.
Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.
Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure.
Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit lays it in a store,
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women then no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injured modesty* the sacred name.
But Clio thus: What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend?"

Yes,

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
" DAPHNIS," says CLIO, " has a charming eye:
" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
" ASPASIA's shape indeed——But then her air—
" The man has parts who finds destruction there.
" ALMERIA's wit has something that's divine;
" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine.
" SELINA serves her friends, relieves the poor——
" Who was it said SELINA's near threescore?
" At LUCIA's match I from my soul rejoice:
" The world congratulates so wise a choice;
" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great——
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear;
" But—then she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—She dy'd last night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such praise* prevail.
And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
On *others* fame, through fondness for our *own*.
Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
For are not *coronets* a kin to *crowns?*
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank:
Go, seek for her perfec ions at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit;*
And quite as much detested as a *wit*.
Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace* or *wisdom* from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less,
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their store?

Nothing

Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state*:
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, these pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery?
They languish! oh support them with a *lie!*
A *decent competence* we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd,
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But satire is my task; and *these* destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, GERMAIN:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't ASTURIA? that affected dame.
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.

Here

Here might I sing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau*:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devastations on thy banks are seen,
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters supplies,
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a *female* feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline:
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
CITRONIA's nose declares thy ruin nigh.
And who dares give CITRONIA's nose the lie? *
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd:
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass,
As glorious as the *British* Queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O JUVENAL! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er *Law* and *Gospel* too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.

* ——Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat! VIRGIL

Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
What swarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes:
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell*;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to COLINS than St *Paul*.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things:
Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—— but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?

They

They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire, who defy the skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty——to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy,
No, He's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.
" Dear TILLOTSON; be sure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
" Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor SATAN! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their one in ten;
" It is their *trade;* so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black;*
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*.
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee:
" But then they leave our *untyth'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
" Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOCAUT?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologyst,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?

She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more *! *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
"Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.
Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*.
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gayest assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb.
Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful, spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean,——the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.
See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!

And

* SHAKESPEARE.

And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round:
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadil*:
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horror, and of wild despair.
Why is the rich ATRIDES' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—— my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain devotion* to the *mode;*
Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride;
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden shower?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *please?*
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste?*
Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd——*from play.*
Why pine the *marry'd?*——O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*estate.*
FLAVIA, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor ARRIA's bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride so great, our passion's so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight:
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midst empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.
* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* MILTON.

SATIRE

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus. VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, WALPOLE, or the *Nine* inspire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole design!
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme:
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpris'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
Say *Britain!* whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And give our rulers undesign'd applause:
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails on every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy choose;
Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away:
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The

The *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe: he soars into a god!
Stand fast, *Olympus!* and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts!* What *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries!* and what crimson *seas!*
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays:
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day,
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown,
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's builder and preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbits keep the lifted hand in awe:
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from their sad survey,
This *human chaos* carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph* made!
How guilty these! Yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way:
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords:
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art;*
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart;*
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;

Who

Who do for gold what Christians do through Grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
" The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee,
Here cease, my Muse! the *catalogue* is writ!
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies, in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.
How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*,
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to LUCIFER not half so dear.
How VERRES is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyer's fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And ev'n, denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgmen's makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off agen,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey;
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for TONSON's at the gate.
The love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,
The Muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd,

Since

Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids ARGYLL in fields and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
AMBITION, hence, exerts, a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools*;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul!
(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.
AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;

But

But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
* The God and mortal in the comic scene.
False JULIUS, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.
No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss,
Ye *vain!* desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life;
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good as our *achievement* great;
Where public *blessing's* public *praise* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'st thou be *fam'd?* Have those high deeds in view,
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.
Behold a Prince! whom to swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thorns, no fever after *Fame:*
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkles in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessing to their ardent king:
But, when those heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *sudden* foe to splendour and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd water lie,

Here

* AMPHYTRION.

Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*: there shine,
In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*:
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
In BRUNSWICK! such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and GEORGE are *rivals* for the fame;
GEORGE, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.
Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Styles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.
While *sea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! Shook our State,
And sported with the king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear,
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did BRITANNIA, like † ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep?*
Hang o'er th' floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?
What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?
Our PALINURUS ‡ slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And not out-watch every storm for BRUNSWICK's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares opress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language———but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

* The king in danger by sea.

† HOM. L. lib. I.

‡ Ecce Deus ramum Letæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. lib, V.

A KEY

TO THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

——Gives applause to B——e, or to me.
Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

——Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit;
Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis, opera, Cæsaris comment. Homer, *&c.* were published by Bishop Hare, Dr Bently, Dr Davis, Dr Clarke, Dr Pearce, *&c.*

S——e's humour. Steele (Sir Richard.)

P——y's eloquence. Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T—— had dropt his quill, &c.

Dr Trapp, when professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, volume the first, Doctor Evans of St. John's College, Oxen, sent the following distich:

Read the commandments, *Trapp translate no further;*
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.

A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.

This alludes to Mr Theobald's publication of a book, intituled, Shakespeare Restor'd in opposition to Mr Pope's Edition of that author.

C——dos he'll out-do. Chandos (Duke of.)

—B—l—ton, thy taste is not so true.
Burlington (Earl of)

Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with Lady B——'s hair.
The venerable gray-headed Countess of Bristol.
Fewer grave lords to S——pe discreetly bend.
Mr Scroope a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.
——T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.
Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.
——Leaves to O—— Orrery (Charles Earl of.)
D—— Dorset (Earl of.) the poet's patron.
Miss D—— tottering. Miss Duncomb.
——the Stagyrite. Aristotle.
Hence, D——, that openness of heart, Doddington.
St——pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.
Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Delorraine (Lord.)

SATIRE III.

——H——y's eyes unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey.
Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve.
Heidegger, director of the masquerades.

SATIRE IV.

While C——mourns, &c.
Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the sect of Free-thinkers.
C——, who makes so merry with the Creed.
The same A. Collins.
Arb——t is a fool, and F—— a sage.
S——ey will fright you, E——engage,
Dr Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.
S—— is the worst of friends. Sussex.
Q——y is fair. Duches of Queensberry.
S—— the foremost toyman of his time.
Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.
Unhappy J——y. Lady Jersey.
B——le shines in council, M——t in the fight;
P—l—'s

P—l—'s magnificent, but J—— can write.

Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H—— t pardon, if I dare commend;
H—— t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?
A——le true wit is tedious to restore;
And D——t smi'es if Phœbus smil'd before.
P—— ke in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyll (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.

Major Foubert, a riding master.

Sir H—— s. Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

This fair philosopher to Rowley flies.*

Lady L——. Dashwood of Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck, ths greatest master in miniature, and enamel painting, in Europe.

H——y the first wit. Lord Hervey.

Cruel R—— d. Duke of Richmond,

G——n. Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——. Hervey, Pearce, Blount. (Ladies.)

C——s. Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

T—l—n, Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr Burnet's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torments.

K——p. Mrs Kemp, keeper of an assembly.

Carolina's heart, &c.

Acknowledgement of the late Queen's favours to the author.

* The late Mr Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument maker under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

A VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE.

OR,

A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE,

IN WHICH THE PASSIONS ARE CONSIDERED IN A NEW LIGHT.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following diſcourſe is as happy in its execution, as it is important in its deſign, it will not be, (give me leave to ſay) altogether unworthy of a royal patronage.

The deſign is of great conſequence, and I think new; it is to remove a prevailing and inveterate miſtake, which firſt ſprang, and now thrives, in a ſoil too indulgent to it; and a ſoil too difficultly ſubdued; the pride, and ill nature, and melancholy, and vice of mankind. I mean, Madam, that falſe opinion, that reflection on Providence, "That this world is, in its own nature, that is, by God's "appointment, a world of ſorrow, a ſcene of miſery, a "vale of tears; and that to be in it is to be wretched "unavoidably." Whereas this treatiſe ſhall endeavour to make it manifeſt, that Providence is not only gracious in the compoſition, ſtudious of the accommodation, preventive of the accidents, corrective of the miſtakes, and liberal to the wants, but laviſh alſo to the luxuries of man; and that God does not only permit but enable us, and not only enable, but enjoin us to be happy; happy to a much greater degree than we are, that is, than we chooſe to be.

Nor is that error I combat, an error of the vulgar, unlearned

unlearned, or ſinful only; but the learned, wiſe, and good, have fatally contributed their ſacred authority towards the propagation and eſtabliſhment of it; either through inadvertency, or the reſentment of preſent pain, or an indiſcreet though well intended zeal in the recommendation of a better world.

Moſt of them have, as it were caſually, let fall from their pens, which purſued ſome other principal point, too ſevere and unguarded intimations to the diſcredit of our preſent ſtate; many have made an invective on this life, a general drift that mingled itſelf in all their diſcourſes and converſations; and ſome have made it their particular theme, and avowedly, determinately, and ſtrictly, drove at this very point, without adjoining the true cauſes, the proper cures, the right uſes, and ſalutary effects of our misfortunes and pains; and thus have left grounds for future argument againſt the goodneſs, and thrown a preſent cloud over the glory of the great Diſpoſer of events, the King of time and of eternity.

Let, Madam, one of his moſt ſhining repreſentatives on earth patroniſe and vindicate a vindication of his providence; let one of the principal ornaments of human life indulge a true eſtimate of it; let her graciouſly defend a refutation of an error which flows from a decay of that faith, of which our dread ſovereign is the great defender, and which leads to a corruption of that morality of which her own correct conduct is the diſtinguiſhed glory. Let that Queen, who is nearly concerned in the ſad occaſion that turned my thoughts on this ſubject, take it into her protection; her protection will recommend it to the world, and her example will ſupply the defects of this compoſition on it.

And, Madam, as your example will aſſiſt me, ſo that good Providence, whoſe ways I preſume to aſſert, grant that your fortune may too! That your moſt ſacred Majeſty, from this joyful and unclouded morning of your reign, may ſhine forth a long and illuſtrious day, as an unanſwerable inſtance of temporal happineſs, and

an unqueſtionable heir of eternal, is the conſtant and fervent prayer of,

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's moſt obedient,
And moſt dutiful ſubject,
E. YOUNG.

THE PREFACE.

I KNOW not well why, but the paſſions are a favourite ſubject with mankind. The reaſon may poſſibly be, becauſe men are much concerned with them, both as to themſelves and others; and where we have a ſelf-concern we have an attention; or, becauſe they are ſuch powerful and univerſal ſprings, that almoſt all the pleaſures, pains, deſigns, and actions of life, are owing to them; and therefore it is our intereſt to know them well; or, becauſe every man carrying them in his own breaſt, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able judge of ſuch compoſitions; and thus his pride has a fondneſs for them; or, becauſe the paſſions, like the boy at the fountain, fall in love with their own repreſentation; or, becauſe, many are all paſſion; and if men conſider a treatiſe on the paſſions as a hiſtory of themſelves, it is no wonder they read it with pleaſure; or, becauſe what a moſt celebrated antient writ on this ſubject is loſt to the great regret of the learned and polite world, which is ſtudious of ſome reparation of that loſs; and the more ſo, becauſe what other ancients have left on that head, is imperfect, and ſhort.

Being ſenſible how difficult it is to gain attention for works of Divinity, I have inſiſted more on the paſſions than any other head of the following diſcourſe; in hopes of a more welcome reception prepared for it, by

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that general taſte or diſpoſition of heart, which I have mentioned. I have marked the diſtinctions and peculiarities of the paſſions with ſome care.

A French author has treated of them with ſuch accuracy and applauſe, that it conciliated to him the particular favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the death of the author of that piece, though ſhe had never ſeen the man.

But he had a wrong bias on him through the whole, to the prejudice of it; nor could I reap any advantage from him, beſides that of having ſuch an example of induſtry and diſcernment; of which what uſe I have made, I do not hope, but fear the reader will too eaſily perceive. That author indeed diſplays the paſſions at large, and purſues them into all their ſeveral branches; whereas, I could find room for the primary or radical paſſions only at preſent; but they may one day ſhoot, under her Majeſty's benign influence (who like the Queen above mentioned, is the greateſt encourager of arts,) and give that one tree of human knowledge its entire growth.

But as imperfect as the diſcourſe now is (of which I am very ſenſible,) I perſuade myſelf the reader will find an uncommon variety in it; and that the obſervations, which are by no means drawn from books, but the life, are ſo far juſt, that any one who is at the pains of looking on them, may poſſibly find truths which his own experience can atteſt; and thus be a witneſs, as well as a judge of what is here written; He may find ſame traces, ſome features of his own condition: as the Trojan met his own picture on a foreign ſhore. I wiſh, (a rare wiſh in a writer!) that I could be refuted in what is here advanced; for ſome of the truths are very melancholy. I hope the great length will be excuſed, ſince the nature of the ſubject might eaſily have betrayed me into a much greater tranſgreſſion againſt the common limits of this kind of writing.

If this piece, in any tolerable degree, anſwer its titles, a peruſal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look

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on it as one of the deſiderata in literature, and that of the neareſt and moſt general concern to man.

A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

COLLOS. iii. 2.

Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.

WE by no means queſtion, but that the birth, and life, and death, and reſurrection of our Lord, were acts of infinite merit, merit ſufficient to ſatisfy God's juſtice, and bring ſinners to the terms of reconcilement and ſalvation; but we muſt not imagine, that they wrought any change or confuſion on the nature of things. God is as pure as ever, and iniquity is as much his averſion; though he can be reconciled to ſinners, he cannot be reconciled to ſin; and though the ſinner may be ſaved, he cannot be ſaved unleſs he firſt be changed; for heaven has no more admittance for corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable holineſs of God requires, that, notwithſtanding all our Lord has done to ſave us, we ſhould "ſtill work out our own ſalvation," by a conformity to his example, as well as a dependence on his merit; nor moſt impiouſly make his merit an encouragement of ſin.

For this reaſon the Chriſtian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to riſe again, in a moral ſenſe; for in the natural, all theſe acts are acts of neceſſity. Theſe expreſſions import ſo many ſeveral ſtages in the Chriſtian courſe.

By nature we are born of fleſh and blood, which gives us a conſtitution, fond of what is preſent, and careleſs of what is future: and therefore, to ſecure the future, we

we are told that the Spirit of God is a new principle of life, which when received into the ſoul, will impreſs on it new thoughts, new aims, and new deſires; and to receive this principle, and theſe impreſſions, is the Chriſtian birth.

By nature we live a life of ſenſe and ſelf-will, which is deſtructive of our eternal intereſt; and therefore we are enjoined to take the will of Chriſt for our rule, and his practice for our example; and this is the Chriſtian life.

By nature we die through a ſeparation of ſoul and body; but this ſeparation makes it well with none with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to ſin; and this is the Chriſtian death.

By nature (for by God's appointment in nature) we are to riſe again, whether we will or no; but nothing that is of pure force can produce an effect to any one's ſpiritual advantage; and therefore are we to riſe by choice; that is, "by ſetting our affections on things above;" and this is the Chriſtian reſurrection; the perfection of the Chriſtian ſtate, and that which the text particularly calls for.

I ſhall begin with explaining the words. The firſt word in the original text contains the whole act of our duty; we tranſlate it "ſet your affections:" but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing, without judging of its worth; nor can we judge of the worth of any thing, without taking it into our thoughts; and the word ſignifies each of theſe acts, to *think* *, to *judge* †, to *love* ‡. Thus the whole ſignification of the word not only teaches us the whole act of our duty, but likewiſe the method neceſſary for the practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

The next words, "are things above;" ſhowing the object of our duty. Now things above, in the ſtyle of Scripture, ſignify the things of grace, and the things of glory. The things of grace are holineſs, juſtice, tem-

* Rom. xii. † Rom. xiv. ‡ In the text.

temperance, charity, and all other Chriſtian virtues. Prov. xv. 24. "The way of life is above to the wiſe, that "he may depart from hell beneath:" that is, every wiſe man will be religious; for this is the way above, that upper, exalted way leads to life; but ſin is the low and ignominious way; ſo low that there is nothing beneath it but hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, By things above, are meant the things of glory; as the beatific viſion of God, the preſence of Chriſt, the converſation of angels, the fellowſhip of ſaints: bodies glorified, ſouls enobled, faculties enlarged, and entertained with tranſporting objects, and repleniſhed with unmixed joys! All theſe things are meant by things above; and one would imagine, that an injunction could not be ungrateful, to "ſet our affections on things" like theſe.

And yet it is ungrateful to moſt of us; and that for this reaſon, becauſe there are things on the earth too, things contrary in their nature, and inconſiſtent in their choice, with the things now mentioned; pleaſant things, and ſuch whoſe pleaſures are preſent, and palpable, and always at hand; pleaſures of appetite and ſenſe, thoſe winning maſters under whoſe dominion we ſpend the firſt of our years for want of reaſon; and (too often) the reſt, in ſpite of it; pleaſures, that through their number and opportunity, and prepoſſeſſion and cuſtom, get ſuch a fatal aſcendant that unleſs we are always on our guard againſt them, our love of things above will either never ſpring, or (what is all one) never come to maturity. And this is the reaſon of that caution ſuperadded in the laſt words of the text, "not on things of the earth."

Having thus explained the words, I proceed to ſhow the particular method of practiſing the duty contained in them: which conſiſts (as I have already intimated) in thoſe three acts; firſt, thinking of; ſecondly, judging; thirdly, loving the things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our duty. Nothing can act on the ſoul but by the mediation of thought

thought; That which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not: and therefore it is not ſo much the beauty, or excellency, or gratefulneſs, or fitneſs of an object, as thought that makes us love. The object brings in the matter, but thought gives the form to the paſſion; and if we think not of a thing it is impoſſible we ſhould love it, be it never ſo lovely.

If, therefore, we would work ourſelves to a proper zeal for things above, it is neceſſary that we ſhould allow ourſelves ſtated ſeaſons of thinking on them; we muſt call them into our mind, and make them the matter of our ſerious contemplation; and then the moſt deſirable things will certainly move in us a ſuitable deſire.

Nor is it ſtrange that thought ſhould be neceſſary to give us an affection for things ſpiritual and remote, when it is neceſſary to give us a perception of things ſenſible and at hand. The eye may be open on an object which it does not ſee, and the ear ſtruck with ſounds which it does not hear, if thought is intenſely engaged another way. But ſmall attention, indeed, is neceſſary to give things ſenſible and preſent their full force on us; and this is the reaſon of that advantage which earthly things have on our choice above heavenly: they are immediate, their preſence is their power. But religious thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal advantage; which is a ſtrong argument for the practice of this duty; thought can make abſent things preſent; take away the diſtance between earth and heaven; and make an eternal good, though future, a better entertainment, and fuller ſatisfaction to the mind, than all the pleaſures of ſin, though at hand.

I confeſs, indeed, ſince heaven forces itſelf on our thoughts from a thouſand occaſions, whether we will or no, that many think of heaven, and yet do not deſire it ſo much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every man deſires it in proportion to his thinking; for no man but wiſhes for heaven, while heaven is on his mind; and if every tranſient glance of thought can procure

procure a wiſh, it is a good argument, that a fixed and frequent contemplation would produce no leſs than an effectual will. If, therefore, we affect not heaven enough, it is becauſe we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one ſtrange conſideration which offers itſelf on this ſubject; Since our common notion of things above repreſents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it poſſible that they ſhould not ever engage our thoughts? how is it poſſible, that mankind, which abhors nothing ſo much as pain, ſhould not be for ever meditating on that place, which we confeſs to be the ſeat of perfect exemption from it? how is it poſſible, that mankind, which toils out a weary life in eager purſuits of every appearance of good, ſhould forget that which we confeſs the ſupreme? for it is too manifeſt, that as the thoughts of heaven, and heavenly things, enter moſt rarely into our minds, ſo they hang the moſt looſely there, and are ſooneſt diſlodged from their ſlender hold on us. Every new object, though never ſo trifling, foreign, or abſurd, is ſufficient to divert us from the importance of them.

The Holy Scripture is frequent in aſſerting that the devil is actually and perpetually converſant among us; his end and buſineſs being to ſeduce, deceive and deſtroy. Nor can there be a greater human demonſtration of this truth, than this inſtance of our thoughts with regard to the contemplation of eternal happineſs; wherein their ſlackneſs, avocations, ſtartings, wanderings, and interruptions, are ſo unaccountable, ſo contrary to their nature and manner of attention, when applied to worldly objects, that they cannot ſeem to receive their conduct from any principle, either voluntary or mechanical, that is purely within ourſelves, but from the extrinſic influence and injection of that evil ſpirit. And accordingly we find him charged, Matt. xiii. 19. with this very fact of ſnatching away good thoughts from the heart of man.

And, indeed, if men but grant that there is ſuch a power, and that he can tempt us (which if we deny we

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muſt ceaſe to be Chriſtians,) the other follows of itſelf: for the region of the ſoul, in which the devil forges his wiles to deceive us, is the imagination; and his manner of working is by forming images, or exciting motions there, which become the immediate matter of our thought; and his time of working is then particularly when he perceives our minds are religiouſly diſpoſed, for then he is moſt afraid of loſing his hold on us. And thence comes to paſs (what I fear all of us have perceived,) that at the ſeaſon of devotion, a langour and inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before or after; for then eſpecially he attempts our imagination, and throngs it with foreign matter. As therefore my text requires the "ſetting our thoughts on things above," in order to create ſuch a reliſh, and kindle ſuch a deſire as is due to them: ſo, in order to ſetting our thoughts on them it is neceſſary to ſuperadd this rule, That in the ſeaſon aſſigned for ſuch contemplation, we ſhould always guard our thoughts with that petition in the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us from evil," that evil one, (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us, to ſnatch away good thoughts from our hearts.

But a perſuaſive to ſerious contemplation (and nothing leſs than ſerious contemplation is ſufficient) muſt ſeem ſtrange to ſo gay an age, which has diſtinguiſhed itſelf by nothing more than by carrying diverſions to their greateſt and moſt expenſive height; diverſions, which are the reverſe of ſerious thought; as age which particularly may be ſaid, with Sempronia, "* Pſallere "et ſaltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt probæ. Pecu- "niæ an famæ minus parceret haud facile diſcerneres." I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot I think, fail of ſome effect on all that hear it attentively.

"Ah! my friends! while we laugh, all things are "ſerious round about us; God is ſerious, who exer- "ciſeth patience towards us; Chriſt is ſerious who "ſhed his blood for us; the Holy Ghoſt is ſerious, who "ſtriveth

* Salluſt.

" ſtriveth againſt the obſtinacy of our hearts; the Ho-
" ly Scriptures bring to our ears the moſt ſerious things
" in the world; the holy ſacraments repreſent the
" moſt ſerious and awful matters; the whole creation
" is ſerious in ſerving God, and us; and all that are
" in heaven or hell are ſerious; how then can we be
" gay?" To give theſe excellent words their full force, it ſhould be known, that they come not from the prieſthood, but the court; and from a courtier as eminent as England ever boaſted.

I ſhall now proceed to my ſecond head *judging* of the things above; which is the ſecond act of our duty. As judging of them, without thinking, which ſome do (or our converſations and preſſes would not be ſo guilty as they are) is prepoſterous; ſo thinking of them, without judging, is incompetent and ſhort. We muſt therefore judge likewiſe of the things above; that is, we muſt think of them comparatively, weigh them againſt all other things that may poſſibly ſtand in competition with them; and ſo on a rational and mature deliberation, give them that preference which they ſo well deſerve.

Now this ſecond act of the ſoul is neceſſary for the fixing our affections, for this reaſon; becauſe the ſimple act of thinking indifferently raiſes our love to every thing that is pleaſurable; but when judgment comes to examine and diſcern between thoſe pleaſureable things, it will find that ſome of them muſt be forgone and rejected of neceſſity, becauſe they are inconſiſtent and deſtructive of each other. And this, in a particular manner, is the caſe between things above, and things upon the earth; both of them offer pleaſures, and ſuch pleaſures as muſt neceſſarily engage our affections on our firſt contemplation of them; but thoſe two kinds of pleaſures are inconſiſtent; ſo contrary to each other, both in their nature and their means, that it is impoſſible for one ſoul to purſue both; ſuch therefore, as entertain a diſtracted inclination

tion for both of them, are called in Scripture, men of two ſouls.

Since, then, it is neceſſary to chooſe one, in order to enjoy either, let our judgment examine theſe two competitors for our affections, things above, and things upon the earth, and ſee which of them is moſt likely to bring in the fulleſt ſatisfaction to our ſouls.

Firſt, let us put this word in the balance; and to avoid confuſion in ſo wide a ſubject, let us ſeparately conſider the different orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, and paſſions of men; and ſee this variety united in uneaſineſs and complaint.

Firſt, As to their orders. The peaſant complains aloud; the courtier in ſecret repines; in want, what diſtreſs? in affluence, what ſatiety? The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleaſure, as the mean to labour with ſucceſs. In retirement, what oſcitancy, what heavineſs? In the world, what conflict, what fatigue? The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are diſappointed: the knowing, through knowledge deſpond. Ignorance occaſions miſtake, miſtake diſappointment, and diſappointment is miſery; knowledge on the other hand, gives true judgment; and true judgment of things below, gives a demonſtration of their inſufficiency to our peace. Good fortune makes the will undiſciplined and diſſolute, the imagination vain, the paſſions ſtrong, and the underſtanding weak; a miſerable ſtate! Affliction is the beſt ſchool of wiſdom; no volumes are an equivalent for the neceſſity of reflection that lays us under: but then it muſt be confeſſed we pay dear for its inſtruction: and ſince the end of wiſdom is to lead us to pleaſure, what ſignifies that wiſdom which is accompanied with pain.

The marriage ſtate only may be the moſt happy, but is the moſt dangerous; as fruitful of calamities, as it is of relations; whoſe capacity of being our greateſt pleaſures, is likewiſe their capacity of being our greateſt pains. And if we conſult experience more than reaſon in this point, we have grounds to ſee the worſt.

Nor is reaſon entirely on the other ſide, for if there are more vices than virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate accidents in life, the balance, in this ſtate, will probably turn againſt us; the good in it we look on as our due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper emotion of heart; the bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the reſentment of it; the ſhaft is ſharp; the ſurpriſe dips it in poiſon, and doubles our anguiſh. Both parties look on all that the other can do them, as an abſolute debt; this notion leaves both a much leſs power to oblige, than to diſguſt; and conſequently makes diſquiets almoſt unavoidable.

The ſtate of celibacy, unleſs it can work out an artificial happineſs from the abſence of evils (which requires a peculiar ſtrength of mind,) as a deſert, melancholy and diſconſolate ſtate; at the maturity of life, tender affections awake in the heart, which demand their proper objects, and pine for the want of them. In this ſtate of celibacy, they muſt either be extinguiſhed, or continued without gratification; the firſt is a great violence of nature; the ſecond her laſting pain, and a pain of that kind, which furniſhed the Platoniſts with their principal idea of hell. Our paternal affections muſt be drawn off, like a mother's milk, or they will corrupt and turn to a diſeaſe.

Huſband and father are the titles of honour which nature diſpenſes, and endows them with greater pleaſure than any titles which fortune can confer. They that reſiſt the impulſes of nature, are reſiſted by her in their new ſchemes of enjoyment, and nature is a powerful adverſary. He that has children multiplies himſelf, and gives happineſs many channels by which to flow in upon him; letting the heart ſtream out in tenderneſs on its proper objects, as it is the greateſt duty, ſo it is the greateſt bleſſing of life; to have no one to whom we moſt heartily wiſh well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable ſtate. It may may be ſaid, wiſdom will provide us with ſuch objects

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in every condition; it may; but it would coſt us leſs pains if we ſuffered nature to eaſe her of that trouble.

Perſons of birth, riches, power, and talents, thoſe ſhining and envied characters, have all their peculiar evil, the growth of their reſpective ſtates.

1ſt, Perſons of birth; theſe have their eye on their anceſtors, and would have their glory ſubſiſt on the merit of the dead. This the world will not agree to; but thinks that an argument for attainments of their own, which the great by birth look on as their exemption from the labour of them; thus are they pained where they expect homage, to find reproach. They contemn thoſe of mean extraction; and, by that contempt, as it were, exact their hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad conſequences of it. Ardently they deſire honours, becauſe it is natural to men to deſire an accumulation of that good, of which already they enjoy a ſhare; hence a diſappointment in this purſuit is more ſtinging to them, than others. Who is truly more noble for his high birth? He that deſpiſes it; he that deſpiſes it as a poſſeſſion, but values it as an enticement to virtue. Their appellations are their inſtructors; they are ſtyled noble on a preſumption that they retain the virtue, their blood is ſtyled generous on a preſumption that they retain the high nature of their anceſtors; their riches are not ſufficient.

2dly, Men of riches. Theſe men, which is natural, are ſo high in opinion of what they largely poſſeſs, that they think to have riches is to have every thing; that they think them the price for, and title to, all the the world can give, or man enjoy. Hence high expectations, and high reſentments, and every evil is aggrandized by theſe. Every wrong accident is a calamity; and not only a calamity, but an injury too; for have not they a title to better things? Others when they are ſick, are ſorry; but theſe are angry alſo, and look on a gout, or a fever, as an object of reſentment:

which is ſtill the ſtranger, becauſe, for the moſt part, they invite them to their habitations.

3dly, Men of power. They that have it in their power to make the fortune and reputation of others, may have, and often have, as many enemies as thoſe whoſe fortune and reputation they do not make. For men are ſo fond of themſelves, as to think that all others can do, they ſhould do for them. This is unjuſt, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the uneaſy inſtead of venting their paſſion by ſtriking the air, as it is natural for the peeviſh in their guſts of rage to do vent it often on men in power by ſhooting their arrows at them, even bitter words; becauſe men are apt to think they contract an importance, from the importance of thoſe they injure. Whereas it is rare, that men in power give juſt offence to ſuch as theſe; if they injure, they ſtoop not to theſe, they level at the great: for that gives their dignity the higheſt ſatisfaction. The great often juſtly are, the mean often unjuſtly will be their enemies. Where then are their friends? They muſt be few; and thoſe few are more likely to be ſecret enemies to them, than to any other with whom they paſs for friends; becauſe, firſt, men of power create the greateſt envy, which is our ſtrongeſt paſſion; ſecondly, Their ruin would afford the largeſt plunder; and our own emolument is our chiefeſt aim.

4thly, Men of talents. If they exert them, it will coſt them much pain, and they may probably fail of ſucceſs, through malice of accident, or indiſcretion of choice. Or, if they ſucceed in their labour, their labour may not ſucceed in its reputation; or if it does, it is only ſetting themſelves a hard taſk for the future; for it is double ſhame to fall beneath themſelves. Fame is generally theſe men's aim; and to fail of our aim, be it ever ſo idle, is infelicity. An author at his lamp tells himſelf in triumph, Now the toil is almoſt over, the purchaſe at hand; he is within a month of immortality. But on the publication, he finds the payment

ment deferred, deferred to the day of his death; too late a payment of that which he cannot transfer to his heir. There is no ſtronger infatuation than this deſire of chimerical immortality. It is very ſtrange; but the ſecret of it is this; God implanted in the ſoul a violent deſire of approbation, in order to ſtimulate man into an attainment of his own approbation, which is the moſt valuable; as he implanted in the ſoul ſtrong hope, and fear, and love, that he himſelf might be the object of them, as my text directs; but as theſe affections, when they ſtop ſhort on temporals, become pains; ſo this violent deſire of approbation, when it ſtops ſhort at men, becomes, though moſt admirably wiſe in God's deſign, that ridiculous and ſeemingly unaccountable folly of which I ſpeak; and the wiſeſt of men, not attending to this have ſometimes ſtarted in ſurpriſe and ſhame, on diſcovering that ſome of their nobleſt deſigns had their riſe and termination in that moſt deſpicable point, the opinion of men. Thus you ſee, that the thirſt of approbation, when miſapplied, becomes a folly, and incurs a ſhame which it would moſt avoid. And this is the ſtate of the greateſt gifts that Omnipotence can beſtow, when turned on improper ends. This, therefore, which might ſeem digreſſive is not ſo; it tends to demonſtrate miſeries of this life: ſince it hence appears, that we have reaſon to ſtand in dread of the very excellencies of our nature, as well as the imperfections of it.

Secondly, Conſider the different ages. Young men deſire paſſionately, and therefore are afflictively diſapointed. They deſire chiefly gratifications of ſenſe; and therefore ſoon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations: and therefore, as ſome things by nature cannot, others through their own temper ſhall not pleaſe them long.

They are faſtidious in their pleaſures, as thinking the moſt delicate and exalted the prerogative of their time

time of life: thus they reject many and impair the reſt.

They are prone to anger, becauſe unſubdued by fortune, and unappriſed by wiſdom of what they ought to expect; hence they are diſpleaſed with others without cauſe, and then with themſelves for being ſo; for generally their ſenſe of being in the wrong is as quick as their propenſity to it is ſtrong.

They have not a ſufficient regard for things of utility; (becauſe they never wanted,) and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taſte, pleaſes them more: hence they are very tender of their honour, before they have gained any; and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things alſo that are not.

They are credulous, becauſe unexperienced; deceived, becauſe credulous; and outrageous, becauſe deceived: and hence, from too fond an opinon, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a diſlike for mankind; as fruitful a ſource of evil as their firſt miſtake.

The young man's field of reflection is ſmall, for little is paſt; his field of hope is large, for much is to come; which falling in with vivacity of ſpirits, and vanity of heart, he indulges it to the excluſion of neceſſary fear, which is the ſhield of life; and hence he is perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health or all.

He delights in extremes; whereas virtue is in the mean, and happineſs dwells with her. He is a ſquanderer of wealth, as well as of health, peace, and reputation; and by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age, of which I am now to ſpeak.

Age is infeſted with ſuſpicion, exceſs of caution, diſaffection, puſillanimity, illiberality, querulouſneſs, immodeſty, garrulity, want of compaſſion, ſolid hatred, moroſeneſs, inordinate ſelf-love, extreme covetouſneſs, and diſtempers.

An old man is ſuſpicious, becauſe experienced. For the knowledge and diſtruſt of mankind are inſeparable.

Now

Now, he that lives in perpetual ſuſpicion, lives the life of a centinel, of a centinel never relieved; whoſe buſineſs it is to look out for, and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far ſhort of periſhing by him.

Allied to ſuſpicion is exceſs of caution; wiſdom, coldneſs of temperature, and ſometimes ill-nature, are mixed in this. I ſhall chooſe one inſtance that includes them all. In points of ſpeculation, he rarely affirms or denies any thing poſitively, though he is beſt able to do it; he knows nothing, but is of ſuch an opinion on moſt occaſions; but which, one thing he means, is, to call younger men fools (who delight in a more ſanguine ſtyle), and thus artfully to gratify his diſaffection to them.

He is all diſaffection: I ſpeak in general. He loves nobody; becauſe formerly, very probably, his good inclinations have been abuſed; beſides, the affections as naturally contract in the evening of life, as flowers at the departure of the ſun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none, nor is loved or enjoyed by any.

He is puſillanimous, from decay of ſpirit, and the blows of fortune. Now puſillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He is querulous; which is the voice of puſillanimity, and an infallible ſource of contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how eaſy to loſe; as likewiſe, from a growing paſſion for the ſecurity of to-morrow; whereas to-day is the miſtreſs of youth. Now illiberality is the ſource of hatred, as generoſity is of love.

He is immodeſt; I mean hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinions of others, becauſe he diſeſteems them; and diſeſteems them, becauſe he knows them; and praiſe and diſpraiſe we diſeſteem, when we diſeſteem thoſe from whom they come. Now this immodeſty is a ſource both of hatred and contempt. Beſides, virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praiſe, which is a food of it.

He is talkative, becauſe his largeſt ſcenes lie backward;

ward; and his talk on the paſt is always a cenſure on the preſent; now he that cenſures is diſpleaſed. Beſides, this talkativeneſs is diſguſting on two accounts: firſt, as he is generally his own theme; ſecondly, as it runs counter to the fire and activity of younger men, to whom he ſpeaks.

His compaſſion is ſlight, from his familiarity with misfortunes; and his hatred is ſolid, more apt to vent itſelf in deeds than words, from the maturity of his wiſdom, which loves things effectual, and to the purpoſe. His former qualities put him in a ſtate of war with mankind; this, in a ſtate of war that gives no quarter.

He is moroſe, and an inordinate lover of himſelf. The firſt, becauſe he envies the pleaſures which he cannot partake. There is no ſuch thing, at leaſt in our climate, as a gay old man: A fly in winter is for nations nearer the ſun. He is the ſecond, becauſe men riſe in fondneſs for things, in proportion to their hazard of loſing them; and his life is on the departure. Hence abſurdly his paſſion, for it increaſes, as its value fails. Now, from all that has been ſaid,

His extreme covetouſneſs is accounted for. Money has too excellent qualities for him: Firſt, It will do that for him which no one thing will willingly do; it will keep him company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his errands; it will procure him ſmiles and bows, and all the outſide of affection and reſpect. Secondly, As it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But not to aggravate this matter (which it little needs!) granting, that as youth is the reign of vehement deſire, and vehement deſire is a diſeaſe, a fever, a pain; ſo age indeed brings on a ſerenity; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune; and vigour, impaired no longer, ſcorches us with the violence of deſire. Granting that the mind gains that ſtrength which the body loſes, and intellectual pleaſures are then in their full force, yet ſo, it muſt be confeſſed, are

Diſtempers

Diſtempers too; and what comfort is there in an hoſpital or a ſtorm? In youth, what diſappointments of our own making? In age, what diſappointments from the nature of things? Human life has then its morning and evening; but the evening and morning are one day; a day of ſorrows! different indeed in ſort, but in eſſence the ſame. And this is the reaſon why men, always unhappy, are always expecting happineſs. For had we no change of ſcenes to experience one after another, we ſhould ſooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectation; whereas, we now are amuſed with hope, which, for pleaſure, gives us change of pain; we are wretched and deceived, which increaſes our wretchedneſs; for every ſorrow receives a new ſting, from our expectations of the contrary.

Thirdly, Conſider our aims. If we let looſe our wiſhes at things above our deſert, how rarely we ſucceed! or if we ſucceed, how are we pained with the fears of expoſing our inſufficiency! How ſhall we make good the promiſe our fortune has made to the world! We muſt live in perpetual conſtraint; be for ever ſweating under a maſk of form and artifice, which, in ſpite of all our care, the wiſe will ſee through; and at their mercy we lie for the precarious character we preſerve. And how ridiculous a ſight is it to ſee a man embarraſſed by good fortune, and ſtruggling with his own ſucceſs! To take up more money than our eſtate can anſwer in time, is certain ruin: To take up more reputation than our merit can anſwer in time, is as certain ſhame.

If our fortune, on the other hand, falls below our deſert, how careleſs are we of exerting thoſe capacities we are really maſters of, and of levying that advantage and reputation which is due to them! Our preferment is our puniſhment; and the conſciouſneſs of our worth is at once our pride and our affliction: How unpromiſing a ſcene is that for happineſs, where our merit increaſes the number of our pains.

If our aims are proportioned to our deſert, we may indeed

indeed ſucceed; but our ſucceſs will ſoon grow inſipid, nay, painful, when we ſee (as ſoon as we ſhall) our inferiors in merit get the ſtart of us in place and fortune; when we find our wiſdom and modeſty leſs advantageous than the raſhneſs and confidence of other men.

If we ſtand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a ſolitary and uncomfortable dominion; unrefreſhed with hope, which is the life of life itſelf. If we have our attachments, and lean againſt our ſuperiors, it is often a ſhining ſervitude, a promiſing anxiety, that excites indeed our ſpirits, but torments them too during the ſuſpence; and as often deceives, as ſatisfies in the end. Which has moſt happineſs, a ſervile hope, or a hopeleſs independency? He that has many hopes, has many poſſibilities of diſappointment: He that has few, has few occaſions of joy.

If we converſe with our inferiors or equals only, we ſacrifice the advancement of our fortune to preſent eaſe and complacency; if with our ſuperiors, we, in ſome meaſure, ſacrifice our eaſe and complacency to our fortune; our caution muſt be always awake, our abilities always on the ſtretch; and converſation, which was deſigned to recreate, muſt become a diſciple and an enterpriſe.

Moreover, it is expectation from ſuperiors, that is, apt to give a painful and unreaſonable awe of them; an awe due rather to God than man. It is that which annoys our breaſts with puſillanimous doubts and fears; that makes the little heart play its ſervile paſſions in all their force, at a ſmile or a frown; which he that does not expect, is free from himſelf, and in others moſt juſtly contemns. The moſt deſpicable weakneſs any one man can be guilty of, is an undue fear of another; which expectation is apt to ſubject him to.

Obſcurity has its obvious diſadvantages; and a great name is the mark of envy and reproach; or if reproach ſpare it, it muſt be nurtured or loſt. Time itſelf will work decay in glory as in other things, unleſs it be kept in repair at the expence of returning pains, and a ſuc-

a ſucceſſion of deſerts: And if preſerved, it has its moral evils; fame from letters makes a man unſociable and overbearing; ſome, from political wiſdom, deſigning; and fame from arms, incorrect of life. It has likewiſe its natural evils: For ſince fame is the general miſtreſs of mankind, he that enjoys it, has almoſt as many rivals as men, and often as many foes as rivals.

One man aims at making his happineſs by philoſophy, another by fortune. The firſt is ſtemming the ſtream of the world and his own nature, with endleſs labour; the ſecond is carried away by that ſtream with endleſs hazard, and every wave is maſter of his peace.

One follows fancy; and by that time the thing fancied is attained, his fancy for it is fled. Another follows cuſtom, and is faſhionably pleaſed in contradiction to his own heart: Seeming to be happy, is his happineſs; now ſeeming happineſs implies the want of it. A third follows reaſon; and reaſon puts us out of humour with almoſt every thing about us.

If men have no purſuits, they are a burden to themſelves; if they have, diſappointments are a greater. What diſappointments interrupt the moſt ſucceſsful proſecutions! and, what is worſe, poſſeſſion is the greateſt diſappointment of all; it deſtroys the very phantom of happineſs, our pleaſing error, our ſweet flatterer hope, which before we enjoyed. The man of ſucceſs, and of the higheſt advancement, firſt indeed laughs at others; but ſoon he revenges them, by laughing at himſelf. He wonders how he could be ſo paſſionately fond of what ſo little deſerved his fondneſs: He is grieved, he is ſurpriſed, he is angry that the abſence of thoſe things was able to give him ſo much pain, the preſence of which can afford ſo little enjoyment. But he uſually keeps the ſecret, in poor hopes of that enjoyment from the miſtaken envy of others, which the things envied cannot give him, and takes a malicious pleaſure in ſeeing his unwarned followers deceived as well as himſelf. There is ever a certain languor attending the fulneſs of proſperity: When the heart has

no more to wiſh, it yawns over its poſſeſſion; and the energy of the ſoul goes out like a flame that has no more to devour. Who is ſo wretched as the man that is overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting ſuperiority of fortune ſhould give ſome ſuperiority of happineſs, let it be remarked, that he who encreaſes the endearments of life, increaſes, at the ſame time, the terrors of death. Which leads me to

The fourth conſideration, that of our relations in life. A wife, a child, dear to us as our own boſoms, in which they lie, what cowards do they make us! What are their endearments, their ſoftneſs, their charms, but new terrors in the frown, and new ſhafts in the quiver of misfortune and death? There is ſomething truly formidable in having ſuch tender bleſſings as theſe; and every wiſe and feeling heart, while it is tranſported at the thoughts of them, muſt tremble too.

But all relations are not pained through tenderneſs of affection. While the father is ſolicitous for the welfare of his ſon, how ſolicitous and impatient is the ſon (very often) for the death of that very father! What are alliances of blood, but titles for expectation? And what are titles for expectation, but expoſers to diſappointment, and aggravations of its ſmart? All that ſeeming family endearment, comfort and complacency which we figure to ourſelves at a diſtance, what is it (too often!) but mutual attacks on the peace, plots on the riches, hopes from the ſickneſs, and joy from the deaths of each other.

The ſervant envies his maſter; and ſometimes the maſter his ſervant, and perhaps with more juſtice; but juſtly neither: For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would reſcue the world from one ſin, there would be no ſuch thing as envy upon earth: Envy, which is a double folly; folly, as it is a ſin; and folly as it is a miſtake: For it reſults from the ſuppoſition of that which is not the ſuperior happineſs of others;

which

which is not, I mean, in that degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, As to conſtitutions and tempers: In health what temptations? In ſickneſs, what pain? The miſery of man is wrapped up in their very veins; how then ſhall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchaſe diſtempers? Earthquake, ſtorm, war, ſweep not half ſo many as diſeaſes which we knowingly contract by careleſſneſs and exceſs. Women, as they are leſs ſubject to pains of mind, are more ſubject to pains of the body than men, to balance that account.

He that is infirm dies daily, and loſes all the pleaſure of life; he that knows no infirmities, obſerves not the lapſe of time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for death; but ſuppoſe a man has health and wiſdom too, how many find in their tempers an enemy to peace!

The tempers are, as I take it, leſſer paſſions, or various fainter ſhades or blendings on thoſe ſtrong colours on the ſoul of man. The gloomy, peeviſh, ſanguine, phlegmatic, good natured, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, ſuſpicious, refining, reſerved, affable, fearleſs, timid, modeſt, proud, delicate, and inſenſible temper have all their peculiar evils.

A gloomy temper ſurveys every thing in the worſt light, and can diſcover no bleſſings.

A peeviſh temper quarrels with the bleſſings it diſcovers, with it friends, itſelf; and defeats the labour of Providence for its ſatisfaction.

The ſanguine overſhoots, the phlegmatic deſponds, the mild tempts inſults, the choleric is its own tormentor.

If a man is good-natured, his friends devour him; if not, his foes.

The impatient feel as much uneaſineſs from the ſlow approach of pleaſure, as others from the deſpair of it.

To the thoughtleſs and improvident, the ſurpriſe of every diſappointment doubles its pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the conſtant expectation of calamity is a calamity itſelf.

If a man is haughty, and too tender of his honour, he gives the power of hurting him to every wretch that can ſhow diſreſpect; and who cannot? If he is remiſs and negligent of reſpect, men will with-hold real ſervices, becauſe their ceremonial was not ſufficiently welcome; he loſes the ſubſtance, becauſe he will not catch at the ſhadow. But forms are more than ſhadows; they are the robe and defence of realities, which will ever run ſome hazard when we throw them off.

The very courteous leſſen their favours by giving them the appearance of a debt, through their frequent profeſſions of kindneſs. The favours of an arrogant man are received unthankfully, becauſe through too great a conſciouſneſs of them, he is his own paymaſter. And yet he who does not ſometimes aſſert his own merit, will ſoon have painful ſuſpicions that the former is in the right.

The ſuſpicions, in ſome meaſure, juſtify thoſe injuries they expect. A perſon of ſmall merit is anxiouſly jealous of imputation on his honour, becauſe he knows his title is weak; one of great merit turbidly reſents them, becauſe he knows his title is ſtrong.

The refining temper is expreſsly a maker of evils. Not to be obliged by ſuperiors, it conſtrues an injury; to be obliged by inferiors, an affront. To have its wants relieved, it conſtrues an affectation of ſuperiority in its benefactors; not to have them relieved, a contempt. It can work wonders to its own diſadvantage, and make a look or geſture it diſapproves a ſerious misfortune.

Reſerve may procure reſpect, but it gives a diſpoſition to hatred; becauſe that reſpect is involuntary, and as it were extorted; and we hate every thing that invades the freedom of our choice.

Affability procures good will, but may give a diſpo-

ſition

ſition to contempt; becauſe it gives us cheaply that which we deſire, and the difficulty of the attainment enhances the value of things.

A fearleſs temper impairs our caution, and makes us careleſs of exerting our utmoſt ſtrength; a timid gives our underſtanding the ſtrongeſt arguments of exerting our ſtrength, but at the ſame time enfeebles the heart in the execution of what appears ſo reaſonable.

A native modeſty in man may conciliate love from the many, but forbids eſteem from the wiſe; becauſe with them no act has merit but what has choice; and theſe chooſe not modeſty by their reaſon, but ſuffer it from their conſtitutions.

Proud men are apt to be injurious, becauſe it is a mark of ſuperiority; they ſtrike more through vanity than malice! but then, as it is a mark, it is a mutilation of ſuperiority too; for it throws down our reſpect for them, which is a conſiderable ſupport of it.

Too great a ſenſibility creates pain, where by nature it is not; too little, perceives not bleſſings where they are; and there is too great a ſenſibility from fortune as well as temper. Rank gives ſome perſons ſuch a delicacy, that they have a ſet of inquietudes entirely their own, the prerogative of their high ſtation, to which their inferiors muſt not preſume to pretend. If humour and paſſion are indulged, how domineering are they? if denied, how rebellious? Which leads me to

The ſixth and laſt conſideration, the paſſions of men.

An account of the paſſions is properly a hiſtory of the active part of the ſoul, as an account of the underſtanding is of the contemplative. They may be conſidered as ſo many ſtandard-bearers, round each of which many miſchiefs are ranged in array againſt us, and lay waſte the tranquillity of human life. They have by others been conſidered phyſically, as they conſtitute part of our nature; morally, as they influence virtue and vice; and rhetorically, with regard to compoſition: But I do not know that they have been con-

ſidered in a ſyſtem, or with any accuracy, as the pain and promoters of the pains of life. In this view I ſhall ſpeak of them, with as much light and diſtinction as I can. It is the paſſions that give the perpetual motion to human life; that rolls us from place to place, from object to object, nor will the grave itſelf afford them reſt.

Firſt, Anger. It is elegantly ſaid, "The king's anger is as a roaring lion." Which deſcription of it is confined to kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as ſtrong, though not as ſucceſsful, in other men. By a king it is let looſe into the large field of power; in others, it bites the bars that confine it; and, in both, it laſhes itſelf. This ſhows it to be a pain, and it likewiſe proceeds from pain; for no one is angry but who has, or fancies he has received an injury in himſelf or his; for which he is firſt grieved. So that anger may be called the daughter of ſorrow and the mother of revenge, which often has fatal conſequences. Thus this paſſion has paſt, preſent, and future pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent. For among enemies it is the natural habit of the mind; and where are not enemies? Among friends it is unnatural; and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As pride is predominant in men, the principal cauſe of anger is diſreſpect; the queſtion therefore is, if the angry man acts not againſt his own ſupreme purpoſe? If anger is impotent, that is a blow directly on his pride; if it ſucceeds by unworthy means, that is a blow on his general character. Anger, therefore, is not only an evil itſelf, proceeding from and leading to evil, but often to the very evil it would moſt avoid. It falls on its own ſword.

Two ſorts of men are moſt ſubject to this paſſion, men of felicity and men of affliction; one becauſe their expectations are high, the other bacauſe their uneaſineſſes are many. The firſt make their ſuperiority their anxiety, counterbalancing by their own reſentment the favours

vours of nature and fortune; the ſecond inflame the ſeverities of them both.

Allied to anger is hatred, which is a laſting anger; now hatred is always accompanied with diſguſt, and diſguſt is pain.

Allied to hatred are contempt and abhorrence. Contempt is hatred without fear; but it is hatred, and therefore pain. Abhorrence is hatred with fear, and therefore its pain is double.

Invective indeed eaſes the heart, as a diſcharge the ſtomach; but it alſo proves it very ſick before.

I do not deny that there is ſuch a thing as a malicious pleaſure; but I affirm, it is a pleaſure like that of violent ſcratching, or ſtriking ourſelves in ſome indiſpoſitions: it ſuppoſes a diſtemper, leaves a wound both in our reputation and our peace.

Anger has under its banner invective, aſſault, ruin, and death.

Secondly, Love. By love I mean not the deſire of what is uſeful or honeſt, but more particular of what is pleaſant. With philoſophers, it includes the two former; with the world, it is often limited to the laſt. It implies diſcontent, that is, pain; for he that deſires is diſſatisfied with his preſent condition, be it what it will; and the pain is in proportion to the deſire.

To ſay the leaſt to the diſadvantage of this paſſion, it is putting your peace in the power of another, which is rarely ſafe even in your own.

There are two things, I think, peculiar to this paſſion; and what makes them more remarkable is, they ſeem ſomewhat inconſiſtent. One is our deſire of it; the other is a condition that makes it very undeſirable. As to the firſt; we do not ſeek, nay we avoid occaſions of anger, hatred, fear, ſhame, or envy, but we ſeek occaſions of love. As to the ſecond; love is all the paſſions in one; it is anger that it cannot, ſhame that it does not, fear that it ſhall not enjoy its object; it is envy of and hatred to thoſe that poſſibly may. For envy, hatred, and ſuſpicion, form love's conſtant companion

panion, jealouſy, which, therefore, ſtings deeper than either of them, becauſe it is all. Now as many paſſions as love has, ſo many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, He that was never pained, never loved.

But though this paſſion has pains, leads it not to pleaſures? It may fail of them; and then it is deſpair, which is moſt terrible; if it attains them, they may not be laſting; for moſt pleaſures, like flowers when gathered die.

Love has under its banner watching, ſickneſs, abaſement, adulation, perjury, jealouſy, and ſometimes it kills anger's moſt dreadful followers; the only difference is, there they are ſtanding troops, here caſual recruits; there they are volunteers, here they are preſſed occaſionally into the ſervice; for they do not naturally belong to love.

Thirdly, Fear. This is a moſt diſmal paſſion. A mind haunted with fear is a hideous night-piece of ſtorm, precipice, ruins, tombs, and apparitions; it is not content with the compaſs of nature, as if too ſcanty for evil, but creates new worlds for calamity, things that are not. But very timorous natures only ſuffer to this degree, and it is well they do not; for ſuch a fear alone is capable of taking in an ample vengeance of an incenſed God, inſomuch that ſome have thought that hell conſiſted in the ſevere extremity of this paſſion only.

All that fear have proportionable pain. It is an anticipation of evil, and has under its banner confuſion, ſupplication, ſervility, amazement, and ſelf-deſertion particularly.

For I think it a peculiarity of fear, that it defeats its own purpoſe more than any of the paſſions. Anger ſtrikes; and if unſucceſsfully, it only loſes a blow; love purſues; and if unſucceſsfully it only loſes a purſuit: Fear makes us fly, but makes us ſtumble too; and the more precipitate our flight, the farther are we from an eſcape. Hence ſays the Holy Scripture, "It betrays the ſuccours of reaſon;" meaning, that it betrays

trays it more than any other paſſion; for all betray it in ſome degree.

Fears are the ſhields of life; but if they are too many, they are an oppreſſion; and, like the maid at the Capitol, we periſh under them.

Fears we have many; but there is but one that came from heaven (as the Romans fabled of their Ancile,) which is the fear of God: All the reſt are falſe, and this ſevenfold ſhield will ſave us from them; a falling world cannot affright him whom that ſhield has under its protection.

Fourthly, there is alſo falſe ſhame, when, through an affectation of the eſteem of bad men, we are aſhamed of what God approves; or, if aſhamed of what is truly ſhameful, when we are aſhamed with regard to men, not God. The firſt is blaſphemy in thought, or ſuch a thought as, if expreſſed in words, would be blaſphemous. The ſecond is ſacrilege, giving God's due to man. This is a ſhame to be aſhamed of; and, contrary to the Apoſtle's repentance not to be repented of;" for ſhame is a repentance, or ſomething very like it.

Shame is a ſenſe of eſtimation impaired, and of our ſinking in the opinion of men; I wiſh I could add, of God too; for men are not aſhamed of injuſtice or profaneneſs, at the ſame time that they bluſh for an omiſſion in faſhion or complaiſance: Nay, I wiſh they are not often proud of the former; now pride is ſhame's reverſe. As ſhining in the opinion of others is the ſupreme aim of almoſt all men, ſhame muſt be exceeding painful, as it implies the loſs or diminution of their greateſt fancied good.

Shame has under its banner ſelf-condemnation, puſillanimity, regret, lying, confuſion of face.

Which puts me in mind of what I take to be peculiarities of this paſſion; which are three: 1ſt, Other paſſions fly to men for redreſs of their grievance: this flies from them: Anger flies to ſtrike, love to embrace, fear for ſhelter; but ſhame flies from all men, and

makes

makes an eye as ſharp as a ſword. Shame's bad eſtate is ſeen in this, that its hope and felicity run ſo low as to make night and oblivion, which are the terrors of others, a wiſh, a joy; "Fallere et effugere eſt triumphus."

2dly, Shame has a more infallible mark fixed on it by nature than any of the reſt; I mean, bluſhes. Of which I take the reaſon to be, that this paſſion neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt. Which is not the caſe of any of the paſſions beſide, except envy, which is generally marked with paleneſs, as ſhame with the contrary. Shame, I ſay, neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt; for none are aſhamed but on one of theſe three accounts. Firſt, Becauſe they are directly guilty. Secondly, Becauſe they want ſome merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Becauſe they ſuffer ſome indignity. Now the want of proper merit proceeds generally from omiſſions; ſuffering indignities, from ſloth or cowardice; and all theſe are vicious. But men are ſometimes aſhamed of virtue. True; but then they conſider that virtue as a fault in the eyes of thoſe before whom they are aſhamed of it: Beſides, then it does not only ſuppoſe but it is guilt.

3dly, Lying. This is the falſe cover of falſe ſhame; for true or proper ſhame has regard to God; and who dares, who can lie, to him? For we cannot lie to any purpoſe, but to fallible beings. Now as falſe ſhame is lying eternally, though the perſon ſubject to it is aſhamed without reaſon at firſt, he is ſure to have ample reaſon for ſhame in the end; and conſequently he will be pained without juſt cauſe, and with it too.

Fifthly, Envy. This is the moſt deformed and moſt deteſtable of all the paſſions. A good man may be angry or aſhamed, may love or fear, but a good man cannot envy; for all other paſſions ſeek good, but envy evil. All other paſſions propoſe advantage to themſelves; envy ſeeks the detriment of others. They, therefore, are human; this is diobolical. Anger ſeeks vengeance for an injury, an injury in fortune, or perſon,

or

or honour; but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance. Love ſeeks the poſſeſſion of good, fear the flight of evil, but envy neither; all her good is the diſadvantage of another. Hence it is moſt deteſtable; and becauſe moſt deteſtable, therefore, 2dly,

Moſt deformed. For it is the moſt deteſtable, becauſe the leaſt natural; or, what is leaſt natural, works in us the moſt diſadvantageous and deforming effects. We muſt be ſometimes angry, we muſt love and fear, be aſhamed, by the neceſſity of our nature; and there are juſt occaſions for them all. But no neceſſity of our nature obliges us to envy, nor is there any juſt occaſion for it. For all men are unhappy, only we know not where their uneaſineſs lies; therefore there is no natural occaſion for envy; and that there ſhould be a moral one, is a contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we ſhould rejoice. As, therefore, neither our nature nor reaſon requires envy, it is properly unnatural; and becauſe unnatural, it works ſuch terrible effects in us. How pale, keen, inhuman, and emaciated is its look, if the undeſerved indulgence of conſtitution gets not the better of thoſe effects! Now all theſe are demonſtrations of its extreme pain.

Men of imagination, therefore, have been fond of this ſubject, as painters, poets, hiſtorians; for the imagination delights in extremes; and nothing is more terrible than their deſcription of it, but the thing itſelf. A cheerful heart does good like a medicine, but envy corrodes like poiſon; it is ſo ſharp, that it cuts the body which ſheaths it. Nay, it is thought by ſome actually to ſend forth its virulence; to ſit viſible in the eyes, and wound its object. Of this opinion ſeems our greateſt Engliſh philoſopher, who aſſigns phyſical reaſons why perſons in joy and triumph are more liable to receive this venom than others. What a wretch muſt the quiver of ſuch arrows be! Such is the pain of envy, that it made the two greateſt and braveſt men that ever

lived

lived weep; it made them ſhed tears but not of compaſſion, though over the monuments of death.

Compaſſion is grieved at others evil, envy at others good. Indignation is grieved that the unworthy proſper, envy that the meritorious proſper alſo. Emulation is grieved at its own wants, envy at the enjoyment of others. Nay, it principally maligns thoſe who deſerved the greateſt praiſe, *viz.* new men, the makers of their own fame and fortune; for riſing glory occaſions the greateſt envy, as kindling fire the greateſt ſmoke. In a word, it is the reverſe of charity; and as that is the ſupreme ſource of pleaſure, ſo this is of pain. This gathers pain, as that gathers pleaſures, from all the felicities that happen to mankind. Nor is it only painful but ignominious. The moſt imperfect and puſillanimous are moſt ſubject to it: The firſt, becauſe their field for envy is largeſt; the ſecond, becauſe through miſtake, what is little appears great to them, and therefore as the proper object of envy.

Its peculiarities I take to be, firſt, That it ſeeks not (as the other paſſions) good, but evil. Secondly, That this is laſting, the others ſhort. We are angry or aſhamed, we love or fear for a day or a year, but we envy for life; and I look on it to be the moſt univerſal ſource of happineſs on earth.

It has under its banner hatred, calumny, treachery, cabal, with all the meagreneſs of famine, venom of peſtilence, and rage of war.

Nor are the good and pleaſurable paſſions without their inconveniencies and inquietudes, which is a ſubject, hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compaſſion, indignation, emulation, hope, nay, and joy itſelf, if fairly examined, would prove this true, without any refinement or affectation of novelty in the attempt.

Firſt, Compaſſion, while it has others miſery in its eye, it has its own in its apprehenſion, and is ſtruck with a quick ſenſe of the obnoxious condition of human nature. Hence it is evident, that fear and ſorrow are

included

included in it; and can there be fear and ſorrow without pain?

Though I know it is diſputed, I venture to affirm, that our compaſſion of others is accompanied with a concern for ourſelves. And I am perſuaded of this, from conſidering the perſons who are moſt and who are leaſt inclined to compaſſion.

The leaſt inclined, are the moſt confirmed in, or the moſt loſt to happineſs. The firſt are not compaſſionate, becauſe moſt ſecure; the ſecond, becauſe they have felt the worſt. Little ſelf-concern being moved by the miſerable object in theſe men, little compaſſion is moved by it too.

The moſt inclined to it are the timid, and thoſe who have wives, children, and relations. The firſt, becauſe they are more liable to fear for themſelves; the ſecond, becauſe they afford misfortune the largeſt mark.

And all are more compaſſionate toward their equals in age, fortune, birth, qualifications, or manners, than others; becauſe the misfortunes of ſuch are a more direct alarm of fear to themſelves.

Secondly, Indignation. This is a juſt and noble paſſion, and none but the noble-minded feel it. It is a generous zeal for right, and heroic and laudable anger at the proſperity of undeſervers. An anger therefore foreign to the unworthy, baſe, and profligate, who can conceive no reſentment that men like themſelves proſper. This elevated paſſion has ſometimes a ſeverer pang than is conſiſtent with life. Cato died of it. He thought no man worthy to triumph over liberty and Rome. And that violent deportment ſhown at his death, which has hitherto been wrongfully imputed to a ferocity of temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental paſſion, which was the cauſe of his death; this fever, this noble inflammation of mind, this indignation for Cæſar's unjuſt ſucceſs. My conjecture clears his character in that reſpect; and makes it more conſiſtent with that humanity, which he, in a peculiar manner, manifeſted on many occaſions in his laudable life, which was worthy of our emulation, though his death blameable at the beſt.

Thirdly, Emulation is an exalted and glorious paſſion, parent of moſt excellencies in human life. It is enamoured of all virtue and accompliſhment, its generous food is praiſe; its ſublime profeſſion tranſcendency; and the life it pants after immortality. It kindles all that is illuſtrious; and, as it were, lights its torch at the ſun. Envy ſeeks others evil, emulation its own good: envy repines at excellence without imitation; emulation imitates and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at; we emulate nothing but what we can, or think at leaſt we can attain. Hence, the young and magnanimous are moſt inflamed with emulation; and emulation rather of glory and virtue, than of the goods of the body or fortune, till the world effaces nature's firſt good impreſſion. "Hæc imitamini, "(ſays Tully) per Deos immortales, hæc ampla ſunt, "hæc divina, hæc immortalia, hæc fama celebrantur, "monumentis annalium mandantur, poſteritate propa-"gantur."

But though emulation is the purſuit of the moſt amiable things, and that by perſons moſt amiable too, it cannot eſcape in a bad world, where men judge of others by themſelves; being miſtaken for envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has ſometimes ſuch a degree of reſemblance, as to give the weak occaſion of error, and the malicious of excuſe. Thus it falls *alieno vulnere*; not to mention its own natural pain, which is at leaſt uneaſy to the ſoul, as extreme thirſt is to the body. Hope and fear play the heart of emulation with violence; it has its throbs, its paleneſs, and tremblings, when carried to an height.

"————Exultantiaque haurit
"Corda pavor pulſans, laudumque arrecta cupido."

Fourthly, Hope and joy. Hope feels the ſtings of impatience; which is often ſo vehemently eager, that falling from it into the diſpair of its object, is ſometimes eaſe to the mind. Joy, if moderate, ſcarce breaks through the general diſquiet of life: if immoderate, it is a fever, a tumult, a gay delirium, a tranſport; which

ſignifies

ſignifies a man's being beſide or beyond himſelf; and he that is not in poſſeſſion of himſelf, can but ill be ſaid to be in poſſeſſion of any thing elſe; joy in this caſe goes beyond its bounds into an enemy's country, and becomes a pain; as its tears abundantly teſtify. Nor has it fears only, but it is ſometimes mortal.

Hence ſome, nay, moſt philoſophers, have placed our chief good in ſerenity or indolence. But this is a miſtake. Indolence, or reſt, is inconſiſtent with our nature, and not to be found in heaven itſelf but in a comparative ſenſe. On the contrary, our heaven will conſiſt in a pleaſing motion, a delightful exertion, a tranſporting progreſs to all eternity. Annihilation is the only reſt of man. What therefore we are to aim at, I ſhall ſhow in the ſecond diſcourſe.

To conclude on the paſſions. We conſiſt of ſoul and body; the paſſions are the wants of the ſoul, as the appetites may be called the paſſions of the body. So that we are made up of wants, that is, of pains. Who is almoſt ever free from one paſſion or other? And as paſſions are the pains (from which they take their very name), ſo are they the deſtroyers too of our nature. They pain the whole ſoul, they confound the memory, make wild the imagination, and hurt the underſtanding, like ebriety, which they reſemble in their natural and more ill conſequences. And becauſe they injure the body alſo, therefore has the phyſician, as well as moraliſt, to do with them; and interdicts them to all thoſe who deſire length of days. Nay, they are more terrible than that death which they haſten; for many have fled to that from the torment of them. It ſeems ſtrangeſt, at firſt ſight, that fear, of all the paſſions, ſhould put on this appearance of courage; but it is ſo far from it, in reality, that no other paſſion ever arrived at ſuicide, but through the ſuggeſtion of this trembler, fear. Men die becauſe they fear life under its preſent ills; whereas true valour meets thoſe ills, whatever they are, with the ſame reſolution with which they meet death.

If this account of the paſſions be juſt, let us turn them

againſt themſelves; let us be angry with anger, aſhamed of ſhame, afraid of fear, pity envy, and moderate our fondneſs for love. For ſome are ſo idle, ridiculous, ſhameleſs, as to court the paſſion itſelf; and at a time too, when they have the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. Love, according to the different objects it embraces, like a woman eſpouſed, changes its name, and becomes voluptuouſneſs, ambition, avarice, or vanity: thoſe four predominant impulſes that divide mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four winds of heaven, and keep the reſtleſs world in a perpetual ſtorm.

On this common ſubject I ſhall endeavour to throw ſome new light; by ſhowing that they all act directly counter to their own purpoſes, and are the reverſe of that which they pretend to.

Firſt, The voluptuous. Can this man be unhappy, whoſe ſole aim is pleaſure? whoſe ſtudy is the art, whoſe life is the chaſe of delight? He may, he is, nay, he muſt be ſo; becauſe his imagination promiſes much more than ſenſe is able to pay. Hence, he is always diſappointed; but, through ignorance or negligence of the cauſe of it, though always diſappointed, he is always expecting; and repeated experience ſerves only to upbraid, not correct his conduct. And it muſt be ſo: for as every new ſcene of voluptuouſneſs is a new light to his underſtanding, to ſhow the inſufficiency of thoſe ſcenes to his happineſs; ſo is it, alſo, a new blow to his underſtanding, and the rectitude of his will, and weakens his power of reſiſting them. Hence he is reduced to the wretched eſtate of eternally purſuing and eternally condemning the ſame things; than which, nothing more ſevere could be impoſed by the greateſt tyrant, and greateſt foe. It is not in vigorous health, boundleſs fortune, unreſtrained liberty, or that liberty impoſed by ſkill and experience into an art of debauchery, to give him ſatisfaction, nay, not to give him inquietude, though virtue, though reaſon did not interpoſe: the body only would find out the vanity, the tædium, the bad effect of volumptuouſneſs; and bare inſtinct

inſtinct would reproach him with it. His paſt gives regret, his preſent diſſatisfied, and his future deceives; his imagination impoſes on his ſenſes; his ſenſes weaken and vex his underſtanding; and his underſtanding cenſures them both; they perſiſt, that grows peeviſh and impotent. Thus the divided man, like a divided family, is the ſeat of miſery, and object of contempt.

With regard to the chief branch of ſenſuality, and its fatal conſequences, it may be truly ſaid, that nothing is more ſtinging than a bad woman's hatred, except her careſſes; nothing is more to be declined than her deformity, except her charms. But as for a good woman, her price is beyond gold She is a pillar of reſt.

The man of pleaſure, as the phraſe is, is the moſt ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his ribbon, plume, and bells; his dreſs, and his muſic; but through a toilſome and beaten road, and every day nauſeouſly repeats the ſame track. Throw an eye into the gay world; what ſee we, for the moſt part, but a ſeat of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantaſtical beings, worn out in the keen purſuit of pleaſure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet ſtill purſue their own infelicity? the decayed monuments of error! the thin remains of what is called delight!

In a word, to ſuppoſe ſenſe alone can make a man happy, is to ſuppoſe reaſon ſuperfluous; which is blaſphemous and abſurd; but ſenſuality brings ſuch a groſſneſs on the underſtanding, that this argument will not be ſo much as comprehended by thoſe who have the greateſt need of being affected by it. Now the cauſe of their not comprehending it, is their total inexperience and ignorance of the pleaſures of reaſon; which ignorance proves this gay, this gallant creature, this patron of pleaſures, and profeſſor of delight (what he little ſuſpects), in reality the greateſt niggard in enjoyment, the greateſt ſelf-denier in the world.

Secondly, Ambition. Voluptuouſneſs has its interval; when ſenſe is ſatisfied, it pauſes for the revival of

its flame; like eruptions, it rages and reſts by turns. But ambition, like a conflagration, burns on inceſſant, the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the ſtronger is its fury. Succeſs but ſets new taſks; and is as ſevere to the ambitious, as misfortune to other men. Every difficulty he cuts off, ſeven riſe in its ſtead; ſo that the character of the moſt ambitious man that ever lived, is a proper motto for all his ſons, whoſe ſport, like the leviathan's, makes a tempeſt, and is the ruin of all about them. "Nil actum reputans, "dum quid ſupereſſet agendum." That is, it is their maxim, to know no reſt. How differs, then, ambition from ſlavery? As ſevere exerciſe from hard labour. The thing is the ſame; only here it is neceſſity, and there it is choice; that is, there it is wretchedneſs and folly too.

The ambitious thinks all happineſs is derived from compariſon, and that higheſt and happieſt is the ſame thing; nor knows that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always and truly to be high. If his notion is right, how have the wiſeſt of all ages and all nations been miſtaken! Either they have perſevered in an eternal and obſtinate error, in aſſerting content to be happineſs; or he is not happy at all; for ambition imports an abſence, nay, a diſdain of content; and indeed it has the glory, if it is a glory, of being far from it. Diſappointment in ſmall things, gives the ambitious no ſmall anxiety; ſucceſs in great, no great ſatisfaction, becauſe there remains ſtill greater things than theſe; and while his heart burns at ſome mighty point in view, it robs him of the reliſh of thoſe conſiderable enjoyments which nature indulges to the meaneſt of her children. The violence of the ambitious man's deſires ſets him at a diſtance from himſelf; he is never at home to the preſent hour, but reaching and graſping at joys to come; all in poſſeſſion is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent affection for thoſe objects he purſues? To a ſtrenuous endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible

as

as faſt as he can; that is, he ſeeks at once to gain a bleſſing, and to deſtroy it; nor in this only does the ambitious appear to thwart his own purpoſes, as will appear immediately.

But, firſt, let us obſeve, that he cannot be extremely happy in the very exerciſe of his dominion, that fulleſt guſt of all his deſires; when he ſtands ſurrounded with many circles of expecting anxious beings; the whole neſt gaping wide, when he can allay the cravings but of few. He has not morſels for them all. If he has any humanity it muſt touch it, to ſee himſelf beſieged with eager viſages, ſecret pains, repining hearts, diſappointed hopes, that will ſtrike deep into the peace of families, and carry diſtreſs beyond his knowledge, and perhaps beyond his conception of it. Or if theſe ſtings of his fellow-creatures touch him not, he is ſtill more to be pitied.

"Seek not of the Lord pre-eminence, neither of the "king in the ſeat of honour." But call in the waves of thy deſire, climbing over one another for ever: Bid thy proud heart be ſtill, and ſay to it, Hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no further; and let it at leaſt have the bounds of the ocean, as well as the tumult of it.

What does the ambitious man aim at? At dominion, principality, and power; at governing nations, and making his name great in the earth. And who but the puſillanimous and baſe ſhall cenſure him for this? Whatever his errors are, does he not ſhow at leaſt a grandeur of deportment, and a magnanimity of heart? Neither, but altogether the reverſe.

For, firſt, as to magnanimity. There is a meanneſs of ſpirit in paſſionately deſiring thoſe things, the contempt of which requires a greater effort of mind (that is, a greater magnanimity,) and beſtows a fuller happineſs than the poſſeſſion of them. Magnanimity is a reſolution able to comply with the dictates of reaſon, when moſt difficult: if therefore ambition is unreaſonable (as I have ſhown,) it muſt be puſillanimous. I will not therefore call the ambitious an unhappy or a guilty,

guilty, as I might; but, what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little man; and if that does not touch him nearer, it will be a new argument to prove that I call him ſo with the greateſt truth.

As to the ſecond, The grandeur of his deportment; that is, his diſtance from ſubjection and ſervility. What then if it ſhould appear that no man is ſo much a ſlave? Dominion over others is indeed his aim; but by that very aim he moſt effectually ſubjects himſelf to them. Every one that can retard to promote his purpoſes, has an awe over him; as the object of his anxious application and ſervile fear diſciplines his deportment, and pains his mind. Not to expect, is the only means to be free: And he is all expectation, that is, all ſlavery; while dominion, nay, becauſe dominion is his only aim. And thus it fairs with all irregular purſuits of happineſs: They contradict the purpoſe of God, and therefore muſt counteract themſelves; for God will not be controuled. He has aſſigned other means of happineſs; and to convince us of it moſt ſtrongly, they that make no uſe of his means, but their own, to that end, ſhall not only fail of it, but their endeavours ſhall be their hindrance, ſhall work them backwards, and ſet them at a great diſtance from it. Thus the voluptuary juſt mentioned, while he too warmly purſues the objects, moſt effectually blunts the powers of appetite. The covetous, while he inordinately deſires to become rich, though he ſucceeds in all his attempts, he fails of his end; nay, fails of it by that ſucceſs: God, to chaſtiſe, and, as it were, to inſult him too, gives him the thing, but withholds the enjoyment; nay, commands abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only, can that miraculous conduct of the coveteous be accounted for; of whom.

Thirdly, I am about to ſpeak. The covetous ſtrongly expoſes human nature, by ſhowing us an inſtance in one perſon how much ſhe deſires, and how little ſhe wants. For who ſubſiſts on ſo little, who graſps at ſo much? He miſtakes the means for the end; money

money for enjoyments: Nay, the means in his hands, makes againſt his end; and the power of enjoying is an inducement to ſelf-denial. The gold that comes into his poſſeſſion, but changes its mind, and is further from the light than ever. His impiety and his folly are equally groſs. As to the firſt, he is often in Scripture called an idolater, becauſe he worſhips his wealth: As to the ſecond, that his idol, like other idols of old, requires ſeverer ſervice of him than the true God, more rigid auſterities than religion enjoins; his toils, his ſelf-denials, his fervent devotion to gain, is greater than that which might carry him to heaven. Covetouſneſs is nothing but the painful art of making induſtry ſinful, wealth indigent, life ſordid, death terrible, and heirs ungrateful, without any manner of guilt.

But to ſet in the cleareſt and ſtrongeſt light: What is wealth? A ſecurity put into our hands, that the enjoyments of this world ſhall be delivered to us whenever we pleaſe, on that title. Now, if that title rather denies than gives us thoſe enjoyments, it loſes its nature: It is no longer a title indulged to our neceſſity, but it is a warrant ſerved on our folly, to deliver us over to wretchedneſs, to ſhame, and to want. So that the richeſt miſer has no wealth.

Nothing is ſo ſtrange as man's inextinguiſhable thirſt for more: Nay, he pants after that which he has: For I affirm, that infinite numbers have ſufficient means or happineſs already in their hands, ſufficient means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But men know not what they poſſeſs How few have made an inventory of their own bleſſings! how few know what they do not want! Hence, *Know thyſelf*, was ſaid to come from heaven: For without it no man can be content. Our pains are from our deſires, not from our wants; for which moſt material truth. ſhall mention two arguments.

1ſt, If we examine, we ſhall often find, that after burning with ſome vehement deſire, we are quieted by deſpair as much, and perhaps more happily than we ſhould have been by ſucceſs.

2dly,

2dly, Let ſome great pain ſeize us in our moſt rapid purſuit after what we imagine eſſential to our peace, and the ceaſing of that ſuperior pain will give us a momentary conviction that we were really then happy, when we thought ourſelves miſerable; but folly ſoon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aſide but two things; firſt, our own imagination, which makes us think things neceſſary, which are not; ſecondly, our deference for the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy unleſs we are thought ſo; the majority of mankind would be much happier than they at preſent imagine: They would grow rich extempore, and be more indebted to the removal of an error in judgment, than to any poſſible ſucceſs they could have in their purſuits of wealth. Our error in the preſent caſe, as in moſt others, proceeds from partial views, from not taking in the whole. We look only on thoſe above us, which ſtrains our hearts in purſuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the ſtretch: Whereas, if we looked on thoſe below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful intention, and inſpire quite new ſentiments of our own ſtate. Now, on our ſentiments (which few obſerved,) our happineſs depends. It lies in thoughts, and not in things. Things are opaque bodies which have no light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to advantage the gaiety beaming on them from our own hearts. Hence, the very unhappy, fly public and pompous ſcenes of life; becauſe, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and therefore more provokingly ſo than retreat. It is not the man's buſineſs who deſires happineſs to increaſe his riches, but to give his underſtanding ſo juſt a judgment of things, and his affections ſo rational a temper, as to know that he could not be more happy, though he were more rich. Nay, ſome have parted with their riches for the ſake of happineſs; but in this the faith of annals, in the miſer's opinion, will labour very much.

The foundation of error in this point, is, all our pains and pleaſures are from ſenſe or imagination, and not from

from reaſon. Now content is an art. "I have learn-"ed to be content," ſays the Apoſtle. Neither nature nor chance nor circumſtances can give it. The whole body of Pagan and Chriſtian ethics are the rules of this art. Now the miſer profeſſes an art directly the reverſe of it. He is wiſe (which is another word for happy, in this caſe,) who can ſay I have not much, but no man more, for I have all I want. Socrates ſaid with wit, but with judgment too, "He that needs "leaſt, is moſt like the gods, who need nothing."

Fourthly, I am to ſpeak of the vain. This is the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſon of folly, and has the moſt airy happineſs of them all. His brothers before mentioned, though themſelves to be laughed at, laugh at him. He ſeeks his felicity entirely in the opinions of others, and but rarely find it there; for the world, by his very name, has pronounced againſt him: From the emptineſs of his purſuit, and the thinneſs of his enjoyment, is he called vain. The former wiſh at leaſt for ſomething ſubſtantial, but his very wiſh is a reproach.

As the too modeſt is pained by b ing in the public eye, he is pained by being out of it. What a vaſt expence is he at to buy ſpectators! For to what other end is his ſplendid perſon and equipage, his large parks, palaces, rivers, and caſcades? How expenſive! and how uſeleſs! Senſe is too narrow, it wants compaſs to take them in; leſs things would gratify that more. The underſtanding condemns them; childiſh imagination only approves, and that too but for a moment. What are theſe pageantries but larger toys, with which it plays awhile and then grows weary of them? What are they but huge monuments of miſtake, ſubjects for popular talk, and an immenſe tax paid for rumour; for ſure it cannot be called fame?

How he gazes on, and touches and re-touches, and, as it were, ſolicits his ſhining ornaments to give him ſome extraordinary ſenſation, ſomewhat adequate to the deſire he indulged for, or the expectation he entertained from them! but in vain. They were much more

more powerful in idea than they are in fact. It is falling in love with our own miſtaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

The vain is a beggar of admiration. Begging is an unreputable profeſſion; but as we are dependent beings, we muſt all be beggars in ſome degree. The ſcandal therefore of this practice depends on two things; the character of the perſon from whom, and the value of the things which we beg. Now, the vain begs from all, even the moſt ignoble; and he begs nothing. I mean, what turns to no account. He is more noble that aſks bread, then he who aſks a bow, or the glance of an eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this man lay out the faculties of an immortal ſoul? that time on which depends eternity? that eſtate, which well diſpoſed of, might in ſome meaſure purchaſe heaven? What is his ſerious labour, ſubtle machinations, ardent deſire, and reigning ambition? —— To be ſeen. This ridiculous, but true anſwer, renders all grave cenſure almoſt ſuperfluous. If the world was filled with ſuch as theſe, all arts, and engines of diſcipline, and of death, for chaſtiſement offence, might ſeem needleſs; let the law they violate, or the power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come cloſe to the point. What is it the vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an alms of admiration from every paſſer by, and his happineſs ſtarves without it. How, what does this deſire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their leave. Thus is he by choice the moſt precarious creature on earth. The moſt precarious is the moſt wretched; and therefore the moſt precarious by choice, is the moſt fooliſh too: if any will deny that the moſt precarious being is moſt wretched, let him conſider that the reverſe, the leaſt precarious being, is the moſt happy, for that is God: and the farther we are removed from independency and ſelf-ſufficiency, the farther we are removed from that ſtandard of wiſdom and happineſs.

I ſhall diſmiſs the vain with one obſervation more. We ought particularly to guard againſt this folly, for a reaſon very particular too. Other vices are promoted by vices; but this is often nouriſhed by virtue itſelf.

Thus have I, I think, proved, that the voluptuous is the greateſt ſelf-denier; that the ambitious is the greateſt ſlave; that the covetous has no wealth; and that the vain, whoſe idol is admiration, is the greateſt object of contempt.

The conſiderations which have been alledged to the diſcredit of human happineſs, have been hitherto drawn from general topics; one remains that is too peculiar. We have lately loſt our king: that ſad occaſion firſt ſuggeſted this ſubject to me, which now it ſupports with an unwelcome argument; for when our ſovereign fell, nature herſelf emphatically proclaimed, "That all below was vain." Too powerful a ſupplement to this diſcourſe!

Who then art thou, who ſetteſt thine affections on things below? Art thou greater than the deceaſed? Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy birth? the moſt highly deſcended is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy riches? the king of Britain is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy power! the maſter of the ſeas, the arbiter of Europe, is no more. Doſt thou glory in thy conſtancy, humanity, affection to thy friend, or encouragement of arts?——But I forbear. It is ambition to be grateful, when princes beſtow.

How lately were the eyes of all Europe thrown on this great man! for man let me call him now, nor contradict the declaration which his mortality has made. They that find him now, muſt ſeek for him; and ſeek for him in the duſt. What on earth but muſt tell us this world is vain, if thrones declare it? if kings, if Britiſh kings are demonſtrations of it?

I ſhall offer one obſervation on the death of princes, which is full to my preſent purpoſe. A throne is the ſhining period, the golden termination of the worldly

man's proſpect; his paſſions affect, his underſtanding conceives nothing beyond it, or the favours it can beſtow. The ſun, the expanſe of heaven, or what lies higher, have no luſtre in the ſight, no room in his pre-engaged imagination: it is all a ſuperfluous waſte. When therefore his monarch dies, he is left in darkneſs, his ſun is ſet, it is the night of ambition with him; which naturally damps him into reflection, and fills that reflection with awful thoughts.

With reverence then be it ſpoken, what can God in his ordinary means do more, to turn his affections into their right channel, and ſend them forward to their proper end? Providence, by his king's deceaſe, takes away the very ground on which his deluſion roſe; it ſinks before him; his error is ſupplanted; nor has his folly whereon to ſtand; but muſt return, like the dove in the deluge, to his own boſom again.

By this is he convinced, that his ultimate point of view is not only vain in its nature, but vain in facts: it not only may, but has actually failed. What then is he under a neceſſity of doing, this boundary of his ſight removed? either he muſt look forward (and what is beyond it but God?) or he muſt cloſe his eyes in wilful darkneſs, and ſtill repoſe his truſt in things which he has experienced to be vain. Such accidents, therefore, however fatal to his ſecular, are the mercy of God as to his eternal intereſt; and ſay with my text, "Set "your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth."

Let us now, from the throne, look back (as from an eminence) on the former part of our journey: we have paſſed the ſeveral orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, paſſions, with the four great impulſes of mankind, and have found but one report through the ſeveral ſtages of our courſe; the various witneſſes concur, and bring in a full verdict againſt the happineſs of human life. They declare that all mankind is united by miſery, in ſome degree, as by (what is leſs melancholy) the grave, to which it leads.

And

And can this world enchant us ſtill? and can we be born for this? Is this a ſcene for reaſon, that emanation of Divinity, to doat on? Is this the fortune, this the dower, to which we ſhould wed an immortal ſoul? Where then is the difference between reaſon and abſurdity? between immortality and the beaſts that periſh? Be this their heaven (as properly it is;) but not their lord's, but not man's.

I ſhall cloſe this diſcourſe with a picture of life in miniature, that your memories may carry it the better: a picture more melancholy than that of this globe ere well clear of the chaos, or labouring afterwards under all the wrongs and diſgraces that an univerſal deluge could inflict.

Thoughts with regard to the mind.

Behold a world! where the inhabitants are not differenced by happineſs and miſery; but only by the different degrees and various colours of miſery univerſal: where the memory is clouded with black ideas of the paſt; the imagination overlooks the preſent; and the underſtanding, through mercy, is blinded to the future: where every paſſion may be called legion, for its evils are many: where men almoſt univerſally lay aſide intellectual pleaſures; are moſt ardent deſirers of happineſs, and yet ſubſiſt it on the moſt impotent half of their natures: where anxiety of thought damps ſenſual pleaſures, and ſenſual pleaſure increaſes anxiety of thought, and impairs our ſtrength to ſupport it too: Where the ſoul and the body are in perpetual hoſtilities, aggrieving each other, and external accidents ſeem ſuperfluous to our miſery. Thus the poor man, like devoted Jeruſalem, beſieged without and divided within, is a complication of infelicities.

To externals.

Where ſucceſs muſt be procured by our infinite care, and ruin follows on the contrary; ſo that all the ſad choice indulged to mankind, is of infinite care or deſtruction. Beſides, the more we have of credit, wealth, or power, the more we may loſe: nor is any man entirely free from the apprehen-

ſions of it; ſo that our poſſeſſions imply, and provide for our miſery. Where an independent pleaſure is very ſevere; a dependent very frail. Where pleaſure often exacts ſuch hardſhips from her votary, that auſterity cannot improve upon them. Where nothing pleaſes but in proſpect; and to pleaſe in proſpect only, is not to diſappoint alone, but to deride us too. Where what exalts the ſpirits ſhortens life by that expence; and what depreſſes makes the ſhorteſt life too long. Where days are long, yet life is ſhort. Where we ſtand as in a battle, thouſands daily falling round us; and yet we forget our own mortality; nay, are hardened into an inſenſibility of it by theſe very proofs of its approach; and ſtart, like David, when we hear, "Thou art the man." Where experience, which is truly the greateſt bleſſing of life, is the ſevereſt diſcipline of it too, and diverſion, which is ſuppoſed a bleſſing only ſignifies, that to ourſelves we are inſupportable. Where ſorrow is the ſtem or root of life: joy, but as its flower; expected at remote ſeaſons only; then often blighted: or if it blooms, it blooming dies. Where all is vexatious, or mixed, or fugitive. Where pains aſſault us, deluſions ſurround us, and terror hangs over us. Where we are reſtleſs in purſuit, diſſatisfied in fruition, and perſecuted with remorſe. Where we are ever purſuing, and ever condemning, the ſame things: ever accuſing hope of its broken faith; and ever truſting or, ever gaſping after ſenſual enjoyments, and ever impairing our appetite for them. Where objects as well as appetite decay; or, if they laſt, laſt not to us, through the ſicklenels of our choice. Where we are yearly burying ſome favourite amuſement or pleaſure; and they that ſucceed are leſs exquiſite, and full as mortal. Where we ſpend moſt of our days in climbing the hill of our fortune, which ſuſpends, by labour, any ſerious thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change toil for enjoyment, we ſtart to ſee our grave ſo near as on the other ſide. Where life with moſt men is to come, till it is paſt.

Where

Where the grave employments of mankind are but ſtrenuous follies; nor differenced from thoſe of children, but by their magnitude and their guilt. Where the ſeveral occupations of life are but fortifications againſt want, and often frail ones too. Where, among profeſſions are the lawyer and the ſoldier, profeſſors of quarrel and death; fortune and life their prey. Where the infirmities of our bodies demand and ſupport one profeſſion; the infirmities of our minds another; and the miſadventures of our fortunes conſtitute an ample portion in the whole world of literature. Where the very elements wage war againſt us, and have their inundation, ſhipwreck, earthquake, famine, peſtilence, volcanos, and conflagration. Where we cannot make way from our doors but through the cries of indigence or diſeaſe. Where hoſpitals and bedlams are public neceſſaries. Where the very appellations of a large part of mankind cannot be heard without compaſſion; widows! and orphans! Where tears are a diſtinction of the whole ſpecies from other creatures. Where youth often languiſhes like a tempeſt-beaten flower, and age ſhows its injuries like a blaſted oak.

To the profeſſions, and nature of things.

Where hiſtory for the moſt part is nothing but a large field of misfortune; and to dip into almoſt any page of it, is to dip into blood; into blood, perſecutions, inquiſitions, treaſons, aſſaſſinations, ſieges, ſervitudes: or if ſometimes a triumph breaks through this general cloud, as lightning through night, it vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon; and while it laſts, it is a proof and memorial of miſery; for what is a triumph, but the gay daughter of deſtruction and death! Where hard-heartedneſs and luſt, drinking the tears of believing innocence, and ſelf-deſign and treachery turning every virtue of others to its own intereſt and the good man's ruin (which abounds in every record,) makes peace more cruel than war. Where happineſs is ſuch a ſtranger, that for many ages it was *learning* to ſeek the true notion of it: and it was but ſought; it was

To hiſtory.

but found, but revealed at laſt. Where the pomps and prancings of the mighty, are but the trappings of wo. Where the moſt ſhining and envied characters have few of them died a natural death; but furniſh theme of tragedy for ſucceeding generations. Strange! that the ſame perſons ſhould be the objects of our envy and pity too! Strange too! that we ſhould have ſighs ſufficient for more miſeries than our own! Where the moſt happy would not repeat their courſe; and he was juſtly cenſured who wept over his mighty army as mortal, becauſe not one of that numerous hoſt but might probably wiſh, before he found his end. Where, among the many arguments for a future ſtate, the miſery of this has been moſt ſtrongly and univerſally inſiſted on in all ages; which demonſtrates an acute ſenſe, and too ample a conviction of it. Where crowns have been often abdicated; how often in our own annals is the palace changed for the cloiſter: Where ſelf-murder, at certain periods, has been a faſhion; nay, very extraordinary methods have been taken to reſtrain even the tender ſex from this horror. Where half the travels that have been undertook, half the deſigns that have been enterpriſed, half the volumes that have been written, have been refuges from uneaſineſs of heart; and the laſt are not more the immortal monument of human wit, than of human infelicity. Where happineſs is an art, and content is an art; what libraries have been written to teach it! Whatever ſucceſs they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, that unhappineſs and diſcontent are natural.

To friendſhip.

Where a ſmile is often an ambuſh, as it was on the face of Domitian, on which it ſeldom ſhone but when rancour gathered at his heart. Where enmity is ſincere, friendſhip often a name; and it is ruin to truſt thoſe whom not to truſt is almoſt a crime, as a relation, a friend, a brother? Where many fall from credit, fortune, life, with Cæſar's exclamation, "And this from thee?" Where provoking our foes has not ruined half ſo many, as confiding in thoſe

of

of a contrary character. He needs no foe who is entirely at the mercy of his friends. Where more hearts pine away in ſecret anguiſh for unkindneſs from thoſe who ſhould be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. Where bills of mortality would ſcarce be mournful, if bills of private calamity were in uſe. Who has not ſeen, who has not foreſeen, nay, who almoſt has not felt, a bleeding heart? Where evil arts uſurp the name and port of wiſdom, though ſcarce worthy to be called cunning. Now cunning is but the top of a fool's character, and wiſdom itſelf is but the bottom or inferior part of the character of an honeſt man, *Nulla bona, niſi honeſta.*

Where the honeſt confiding heart takes a virgin-flower into his boſom, and often finds a ſting under it. Where the fond mother to-day looks with tranſport on the reward of her long labour and painful travail, which changes perhaps to-morrow the cradle for the grave. Where the feeble father follows a favourite, an only daughter, the delight of his eye! the reſt of his age! to her long home, where he perhaps has wiſhed for himſelf in vain; and ſheds thoſe tears on her aſhes, which ſhould expreſs his joy for the happy diſpoſal of her in life: Or perhaps the caſe is ſtill worſe; he ſees her youth and beauty, and innocence, fallen into arms to him more dreadful than thoſe of death. Where the ſon of ſome great houſe, its hope, joy, and ſupport, the ſole heir of riches, titles, and golden ſchemes, falls immaturely, graſped by death, as the pillars were by Sampſon; and the whole ſtructure is ſorely ſhaken, if it does not follow on his fall. Where many a numerous family lives in innocence, peace, plenty, reputation, under the wing of an indulgent, prudent, and induſtrious father: the father dies; they are ſcattered like a ſheaf of corn when the band is broke, and become the prey of guilt, want, anxiety, and ſhame. Where the comforts of life have their pangs; their jars, jealouſies, interruptions, decays, extinction. Where grudge, animoſity,

To family affliction.

moſity, and revenge wound deep; but deeper, when they wound relation, friendſhip, love: For love has its barbarities, and frequently may be miſtaken for hatred, by its effects. There are ſometimes malignant tempers in families? Such domeſtic maladies are like ulcers in the vitals; extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Mixed thoughts.

Where the night is an idle dream, and the day little better. Where every one is witneſs or patient of affliction; ever telling ſad tales of others, till he becomes a tale himſelf; the tale of a day! and then is utterly forgotten. *He lived and died*, is an epitaph for much the greateſt part of mankind. Where he that has reached his meridian is one of a thouſand, his friends and relations lie dead around him: Half of his converſation is gathered from the tomb. What are the gay, young, beautiful, brave, learned, wiſe, good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? A tear! a ſigh! Where youth has the pain of getting, age of leaving its riches; affection being rarely ſtrong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where fears and pangs only give a reliſh of the contrary; and our pleaſure, generally as it riſes from, ſo it ends in them too. Where the pain of impatience turns us over to the pain of ſatiety, ſcarce divided by the moment of delight. Where pain is oftener ſunk by new pain, than healed by ſupervening pleaſure. Where real evils are frequent; imaginary, perpetual; and the happieſt thanks ſome other's wretchedneſs, for putting him in mind that he is not the moſt wretched himſelf. Where I was happy, a few may poſſibly ſay; I ſhall be happy, moſt ſay; I am happy, none: Now, if none are happy on the preſent, it is a demonſtration that happineſs is abſent from us all. The preſent is all that our parent nature properly gives us; and that, like peeviſh children, we will not taſte: Thus, between the law of our condition, and the perverſeneſs of our temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, ſubſiſting, or rather ſtarving

ving our thin happineſs, on dreams and ſhadows of good to come; perhaps never to come; certainly never to come, proportionate to our conceptions of them. Where man ſnatches ſuch quick and terrible reſentment from the ſmalleſt occaſion, that it reſembles the diſcharge of ordnance at the touch of a reed. Where to have any chance for happineſs, a man muſt poſſeſs the world, or deſpiſe it. Now, the contempt of it in him that poſſeſſes it not, is a cheat; he does not heartily contemn it; he miſtakes his ill-will for contempt: And, what is as unfortunate, he that poſſeſſes it, does contemn it; but not from wiſdom, but weakneſs, which has not the ſkill to reliſh its enjoyments as they deſerve. Where proud honour ſtands in the place of meek religion; honour that diſdains compulſion; and that conſequently muſt ſtand or fall with inclination and humour: He, therefore, that relies on honour, relies on humour; and he that relies on humour is a fool, and muſt be a wretch in the end. Where the two points the world's wiſe man aims at, are, firſt to get the better of natural inſtinct, ſo as not to be betrayed by it into any humanities in which he does not find his own immediate account: Secondly, to ſurmount the prejudices and timorouſneſs of education, to throw the virtues and vices into one heap, like a man; thence to be drawn out indifferently, as intereſt directs; intereſt, which is his god; and his Bible, the cuſtom of the world. Where many men ſuppoſe you a knave, or conclude you a fool, and call you ſo by their profeſſions of diſintereſted friendſhip; by which they only mean to ſteal your affections, and the good effects of them. Where compaſſion with ſome paſſes for weakneſs, and you muſt ſuppreſs your ſighs, as in the theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an idiot, who is not above being a man. Where men ſeek not the means of ſerving, but an excuſe for not ſerving others; and words change their nature, and do not reveal, but cover the mind; the paſſions themſelves, thoſe betrayers of truth, are taught to act a part; the very

eye

eye can lie; and that natural window of the ſoul has a ſcreen before it, that you may not ſee through; he only who diſcovers his own intereſt, gives you a key to his heart. In a word, where the honeſt man (who alone is worthy of good,) if he judges of men by himſelf, is undone. This may be called ſatire; but, by the ſame rule, the ſcripture is ſo too. Where to diſſemble injuries is the greateſt ſhock to nature, and ſhame to honour; yet, at the ſame time, the greateſt art of life. Where he that has not learned the world, muſt go out of it, or be a jeſt and an unfortunate in it: He that has learned it, has learned it with diſcipline; and by that time he is well maſter of the grave, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will one day prove more mortal. Where we will not believe yeſterday, but hope favourably from to-morrow; as if then there would be a new ſun, a new nature, a new life: They pray for that, who almoſt curſe its fellow. Where ſorrow is fruitleſs, and laughter is mad. Where, at the ſeveral tides of good fortune, the head tells the heart, Well, now we are happy; which the heart ſcarce believes, or believes it implicitly: Whenever we ſay to ourſelves, Let us ſit down and enjoy life, we diſcover the cheat, like one deluded by perſpective, by bringing it to the touch. Where multitudes (ſtrange! and ridiculous! but for the horrors of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every ſtep is a ſtep towards a grave, every minute an approach to an eternity: Beſides, if men well knew the buſineſs of this world, and would acquit themſelves like maſters in it, want of time would be their great complaint. Nay, he that lays down but this one ſimple rule, that he will be in the right, wherever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle moment, though he has not the important cares of nations, or even of families on his hands.

Where the paſt is a very dream, and the future a ſore travel. Where the tender mother ſheds tears over

over her helpleſs infant, and the careful father pours groans over them both; groans conſcious of the preſent, and preſaging of the future. Where ſometimes nations groan as one man, under a general calamity; nor is the whole earth at all privileged from the ſevere condition of any one nation of it. Where nature is perpetually pouring her children in vaſt tides out of time into eternity: And the ſurvivors take the evil, and refuſe the good; they are but the more melancholy, not the wiſer for it. Where we are born with pain, and die with amazement. Where life is the ſlave of miſery; and yet, moſt ſtrange and deplorable! the King of Terrors is Death.

"Sunt lachrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Almoſt the whole book of Eccleſiaſtes might be tranſcribed as a ſcriptural ſupport of what is here ſaid; and its author, it is well known, received wiſdom as an immediate gift from God, in ſuperiority to all the reſt of mankind.

I ſhall conclude by ſaying what is moſt true, that human life is like a diſhoneſt creditor: It puts off our youth and manhood with lies from day to day; then owns the cheat, and gives our age an abſolute denial.

If this account is juſt, as I think it is, What is human happineſs? A world! a notion! a day-dream! a wiſh! a ſigh! a theme to be talked of! a mark to be ſhot at, but never hit! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart of man. Wiſdom recommends it gravely, learning talks of it pompouſly, our underſtanding liſtens to it eagerly, our affection purſues it warmly, and our experience deſpairs of it irretrievably. Imagination perſuades ſome that they have found it, but it is while their reaſon is aſleep: Pride prevails with others to boaſt of it; but it is only a boaſt, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themſelves: Felicity of conſtitution, and ſuavity of manners, make the neareſt approach to it; but it is only

The deſcription of human happineſs.

only an approach; fortune, the nature of things, the infirmities of the body, the paſſions of the mind, the dependence on others, the prevalence of vice, the very condition of (uncorrected) humanity, forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, muſic, pomp, ſtudy, diverſion, buſineſs, wiſdom, all that ſea or land, nature or art, labour or reſt can beſtow, are but poor expedients to heave off the inſupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity! If the young or unexperienced, or vain or profligate only, were ſubject to this weakneſs, it were ſomething: But when the learned and wiſe, and grave and grey—it ſhocks! it mortifies! and with ſhame and pity my mind turns from its purpoſe, and goes backward with reverence to throw a veil over the nakedneſs of my father. In a word, the true notion of human happineſs explained, is itſelf one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of our miſery. For how can we ſpeak more adequately of it, than by ſaying, it is that of which our deſpair is as neceſſary as our paſſion for it is vehement and inextinguiſhable? Now ardently to thirſt, and unavoidably to deſpond, with regard to the ſame thing, and that thing of conſequence ſupreme, is the conſummation of infelicity. I know but one ſolid pleaſure in life, and that is our duty. How miſerable then, how unwiſe, how unpardonable, are they who make that one a pain!

The purpoſe of this diſcourſe, as expreſſed in the beginning of it, was to put this world in the balance, and examine the value of things on the earth. Now ſuch as is repreſented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding diſcourſe, is the general ſtate of mankind: But it is a ſtate of their own choice; and it may be, though not wholly reverſed, abundantly relieved, exceedingly brightened from the clouds, the thick darkneſs that hangs upon it; as I ſhall endeavour to make manifeſt in the following diſcourſe *; and thus vindicate

* The ſecond diſcourſe on this ſubject never appeared.

cate Providence from prevailing imputations; and by laying the two counter-parts together, infer a true eſtimate of human life.

CONJECTURES

ON

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

IN A LETTER

TO THE

AUTHOR OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Si habet aliquod tanquam pabulum ſtudii, et doctrinæ, otioſa ſenectute nihil eſt jucundius. Cic.

DEAR SIR,

WE confeſs the follies of youth without a bluſh; not ſo, thoſe of age. However, keep me a little in countenance, by conſidering, that age wants amuſements more, though it can juſtify them leſs, than the preceding periods of life. How you may reliſh the paſtime here ſent you, I know not. It is miſcellaneous in its nature, ſomewhat licentious in its conduct, and, perhaps, not over-important in its end. However, I have endeavoured to make ſome amends, by digreſſing into ſubjects more important and more ſuitable to my ſeaſon of life. A ſerious thought ſtanding

ſingle among many of a lighter nature, will ſometimes ſtrike the careleſs wanderer, after amuſement only, with uſeful awe; as monumental marble ſcattered in a wide pleaſure-garden (and ſuch there are) will call to recollection thoſe who would never have ſought in a church-yard walk of mournful yews.

To one ſuch monument I may conduct you, in which is a hidden luſtre, like the ſepulchral lamps of old; but not like thoſe will this be extinguiſhed, but ſhine the brighter for being produced, after ſo long concealment, into open day.

You remember, that your worthy patron, and our common friend, put ſome queſtions on the ſerious drama, at the ſame time when he deſired our ſentiments on original and on moral compoſition. Though I deſpair of breaking through the frozen obſtructions of age, and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightneſs of expreſſion, which ſubjects ſo polite require, yet will I hazard ſome conjectures on them.

I begin with original compoſition; and the more willingly, as it ſeems an original ſubject to me, who have ſeen nothing hitherto written on it. But, firſt, a few thoughts on compoſition in general. Some are of opinion, that its growth at preſent is too luxuriant, and that the preſs is overcharged. Overcharged, I think, it could never be, if none were admitted but ſuch as brought their imprimatur from ſound underſtanding and the public good. Wit, indeed, however brilliant, ſhould not be permitted to gaze ſelf-enamoured on its uſeleſs charms, in that fountain of fame (if ſo I may call the preſs,) if beauty is all that it has to boaſt; but, like the firſt Brutus, it ſhould ſacrifice its moſt darling offspring to the ſacred intereſts of virtue and real ſervice of mankind.

This reſtriction allowed, the more compoſition the better. To men of letters and leiſure, it is not only a noble amuſement but a ſweet of refuge; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace; it opens a back-

door

door out of the buſtle of this buſy and idle world into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the reſt of mankind. When ſtung with idle anxieties, or teazed with fruitleſs impertinence, or yawning over inſipid diverſions, then we perceive the bleſſing of a lettered receſs. With what a guſt do we retire to our diſintereſted and immortal friends in our cloſet, and find our minds, when applied to ſome favourite theme, as naturally and as eaſily quieted and refreſhed as a peeviſh child (and peeviſh children are we all till we fall aſleep) when laid to the breaſt! Our happineſs no longer lives on charity, nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that moſt precarious and thorny pillow, another's pleaſure, for our repoſe. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance that at once entertain and improve him in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation of his own mind!

Theſe advantages compoſition affords us, whether we write ourſelves, or in more humble amuſement peruſe the works of others. While we buſtle through the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a reſpite at leaſt from care, a pleaſing pauſe of refreſhing recollection. If the country is our choice or fate, there it reſcues us from ſloth and ſenſuality, which, like obſcene vermin, are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our retirement, and to poiſon all its ſweets. Conſcious guilt robs the roſe of its ſcent, the lily of its luſtre, and makes an Eden a deflowered and diſmal ſcene.

Moreover, if we conſider life's endleſs evils, what can be more prudent than to provide for conſolation under them? A conſolation under them the wiſeſt of men have found in the pleaſures of the pen. Witneſs, among many more, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, who ſays, "In uxoris infirmitate et amicorum periculo, aut morte turbatus, ad ſtudia, unicum doloris levamentum, confugio." And why not add to theſe their modern equals, Chau-

cer, Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, under the ſame ſhield, unwounded by misfortune, and nobly ſmiling in diſtreſs?

Compoſition was a cordial to theſe under the frowns of fortune; but evils there are, which her ſmiles cannot prevent nor cure. Among theſe are the languors of old age. If thoſe are held honourable, who in a hand benumbed by time have graſped the juſt ſword in defence of their country; ſhall they be leſs eſteemed, whoſe unſteady pen vibrates to the laſt in the cauſe of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both theſe are happy in this, that by fixing their attention on objects moſt important, they eſcape numberleſs little anxieties, and that *tædium vitæ* which often hangs ſo heavy on its evening hours. May not this inſinuate ſome apology for my ſpilling ink and ſpoiling paper, ſo late in life?

But there are who write with vigour and ſucceſs, to the world's delight and their own renown. Theſe are the glorious fruits where genius prevails. The mind of a man of genius is a fertile and pleaſant field, pleaſant as Elyſium and fertile as Tempe; it enjoys a perpetual ſpring. Of that ſpring, originals are the faireſt flowers. Imitations are of quicker growth, but fainter gloom. Imitations are of two kinds, one of nature, one of authors; the firſt we call *originals*, and confine the term *imitation* to the ſecond. I ſhall not enter into the curious inquiry of what is or is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, original; content with what all muſt allow, that ſome compoſition are more ſo than others; and the more they are ſo, I ſay the better. Originals are, and ought to be, great favourites; for they are great benefactors: They extend the republic of letters, and add a new province to its dominion: Imitators only give us a ſort of duplicates of what we had, poſſibly much better, before; increaſing the mere drug of books, while all that makes them valuable, knowledge and genius, are at a ſtand. The pen of an original writer, like Armida's wand, out of a barren waſte calls a blooming ſpring; out of that blooming ſpring an imitator

tator is a tranſplanter of laurels, which ſometimes die on removal, always languiſh in a foreign ſoil.

But ſuppoſe an imitator to be moſt excellent (and ſuch there are,) yet ſtill he but nobly builds on another's foundation; his debt is, at leaſt, equal to his glory, which, therefore, on the balance, cannot be very great. On the contrary, an original, though but indifferent (its originality being ſet aſide,) yet has ſomething to boaſt; it is ſomething to ſay with him in Horace,

"Meo ſum pauper in ære;"

and to ſhare ambition with no leſs than Cæſar, who declared he had rather be the firſt in a village than the ſecond at Rome.

Still farther: An imitator ſhares his crown, if he has one, with the choſen object of his imitation; an original enjoys an undivided applauſe. An original may be ſaid to be of a vegetable nature; it riſes ſpontaneouſly from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is made: Imitations are often a ſort of manufacture wrought up by thoſe mechanics, art and labour, out of pre-exiſtent materials not their own.

Again: We read imitation with ſomewhat of his languor, who liſtens to a twice-told tale: Our ſpirits rouſe at an original; that is a perfect ſtranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land; and though it comes like an Indian prince, adorned with feathers only, having little weight, yet of our attention it will rob the more ſolid, if not equally new: Thus every teleſcope is lifted at a new-diſcovered ſtar; it makes a hundred aſtronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the ſun. But if an original, by being as excellent as new, adds admiration to ſurpriſe, then are we at the writer's mercy; on the ſtrong wing of his imagination, we are ſnatched from Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleaſure to pleaſure; we have no home, no thought of our own, till the magician drops his pen; and the falling down into ourſelves,

we awake to flat realities, lamenting the change, like the beggar who dreamed himſelf a prince.

It is with thoughts as it is with words, and with both as with men; they may grow old and die. Words tarniſhed, by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, are laid aſide as inelegant and obſolete; ſo thoughts, when become too common, ſhould loſe their currency, and we ſhould ſend new metal to the mint, that is, new meaning to the preſs. The diviſion of tongues at Babel did not more effectually debar men from "making themſelves a name," (as the Scripture ſpeaks,) than the too great concurrence or union of tongues will do for ever. We may as well grow good by anothers virtue, or fat by another's food, as famous by another's thought. The world will pay its debt of praiſe but once; and, inſtead of applauding, explode a ſecond demand as a cheat.

If it is ſaid, that moſt of the Latin claſſics, and all the Greek, except perhaps Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, are in the number of imitators, yet receive our higheſt applauſe; our anſwer is, that they, though not real, are accidental originals: the works they imitated, few excepted, are loſt; they, on their father's deceaſe, enter as lawful heirs on their eſtates in fame: the fathers of our copyiſts are ſtill in poſſeſſion, and ſecured in it, in ſpite of Goths, and flames, by the perpetuating power of the preſs. Very late muſt a modern imitator's fame arrive, if it waits for their deceaſe.

An original enters early on reputation: Fame, fond of new glories, ſounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of life attempts! Ambition is ſometimes no vice in life; it is always a virtue in compoſition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po; high in fame, and in antiquity, is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking; but the river and the imitation humbly creep along the vale. So few are originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt, the lettered world would reſemble ſome metropolis in flames,

where

where a few incombuſtible buildings, a fortreſs, temple, or tower, lift their heads in melancholy grandeur amid the mighty ruins. Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a ſmall bonfire, when he heated the baths of the barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's ineſtimable ſpoils, that no profane book might obſtruct the triumphant progreſs of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

But why are originals ſo few? Not becauſe the writer's harveſt is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them; nor becauſe the human mind's teeming time is paſt, or becauſe it is incapable of putting forth unprecedented births; but becauſe illuſtrious examples engroſs, prejudice, and intimidate. They engroſs our attention, and ſo prevent a due inſpection of ourſelves; they prejudice our judgment in favour of their abilities, and ſo leſſen the ſenſe of our own; and they intimidate us with the ſplendour of their renown, and thus under diffidence bury our ſtrength. Nature's impoſſibilities, and thoſe of diffidence, lie wide aſunder.

Let it not be ſuſpected, that I would weakly inſinuate any thing in favour of the moderns, as compared with ancient authors; no, I am lamenting their great inferiority. But I think it is no neceſſary inferiority; that it is not from divine deſtination, but from ſome cauſe far beneath the moon *: I think that human ſouls, through all periods, are equal: that due care and exertion would ſet us nearer our immortal predeceſſors than we are at preſent; and he who queſtions and confutes this, will ſhow abilities not a little tending toward a proof of that equality which he denies.

After all, the firſt ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make; and therefore have a merit in their power. They may ſoar in the regions of liberty, or move in the ſoft fetters of eaſy imitation; and imi-

* Inquiry into the Life of Homer, p. 76.

tation

tation has as many plauſible reaſons to urge, as pleaſure had to offer to Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero and ſo became immortal.

Yet let not aſſertors of claſſic excellence imagine, that I deny the tribute it ſo well deſerves. He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a ſecret he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not underſtand them. Let us be as far from neglecting as from copying their admirable compoſitions: ſacred be their rights, and inviolable their fame. Let our underſtanding feed on theirs; they afford the nobleſt nouriſhment; but let them nouriſh, not annihilate our own. When we read, let our imagination kindle at their charms; when we write, let our judgment ſhut them out of our thoughts: treat even Homer himſelf, as his royal admirer was treated by the cynic; bid him ſtand aſide, nor ſhade our compoſition from the beams of our own genius; for nothing original can riſe, nothing immortal can ripen in another ſun.

Muſt we then, (you ſay) not imitate ancient authors? Imitate them by all means; but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine Iliad, does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the ſame method which Homer took, for arriving at a capacity of accompliſhing in a work ſo great. Tread in his ſteps to the ſole fountain of immortality; drink where he drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the break of nature: imitate, but imitate not the compoſition but the man. For may not this paradox paſs into a maxim? viz. "The leſs we copy the renowned ancients, we ſhall reſemble them the more."

But poſſibly you may reply, that you muſt either imitate Homer, or depart from nature. Not ſo; for ſuppoſe you was to change place and time with Homer then if you write naturally, you might as well charge Homer with an imitation of you. Can you be ſaid to imitate Homer for writing, ſo as you would have written if Homer had never been? As far as a regard to nature and ſound ſenſe will permit a departure from your great predeceſſors; ſo far ambitiouſly depart from them:

them: the farther from them in ſimilitude, the neareſt are you to them in excellence: you riſe by it into an original; becauſe a noble collateral, not an humble deſcendent from them. Let us build our compoſitions with the ſpirit, and in the taſte of the ancients, but not with the materials; thus will they reſemble the ſtructures of Pericles at Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air of antiquity as ſoon as they were built. All eminence and diſtinction lies out of the beaten road; excurſion and deviation are neceſſary to find it, and the more remote your path from the high-way, the more reputable; if, like poor Gulliver (of whom anon), you fall not into a ditch in your way to glory.

What glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (preſumptuous thought!) to ſurpaſs our predeceſſors! And is that then in nature abſolutely impoſſible? Or is it not rather contrary to nature to fail in it? Nature herſelf ſets the ladder; all wanting, is our ambition to climb; for by the bounty of nature we are as ſtrong as our predeceſſors; and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's ſcale) we ſtand on higher ground. As to the firſt: Were they more than men, or are we leſs? Are not our minds caſt in the ſame mould with thoſe before the flood? the flood affected matter; mind eſcaped. As to the ſecond: Though we are moderns, the world is an ancient more ancient far, than when they, whom we moſt admire, filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as ſtars to guide; their defects, as rocks to be ſhunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart to conduct, and a ſure helm to ſteer us in our paſſage to greater perfection than theirs? And ſhall we be ſtopped in our rival pretenſions to fame by this juſt reproof?

"Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fures." MART.

It is by a ſort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular

cular ſordid theft, that we can be the better for thoſe who went before us. Hope we from plagiariſm any dominion in literature, as that of Rome aroſe from a neſt of thieves?

Rome was a powerful ally to many ſtates: ancient authors are our powerful allies: but we muſt take heed that they do not ſuccour, till they enſlave after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their ſuperiority, like a ſpectre, would fright us out of a proper uſe of our wits: and dwarf our underſtandings, by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under reſtraint, and denies it that free ſcope, that full elbow-room, which is requiſite for ſtriking its moſt maſterly ſtrokes. Genius is maſter-workmen: learning is but an inſtrument: and an inſtrument, though moſt valuable, yet not always indiſpenſible. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accompliſhment of ſome favourite ſpirits: but rejecting all human means, aſſumes the whole glory to itſelf. Have not ſome, though not famed for erudition, ſo written, as almoſt to perſuade us, that they ſhone brighter, and ſoared higher, for eſcaping the boaſted aid of that proud all!

Nor is it ſtrange; for what, for the moſt part, mean we by genius, but the power of accompliſhing great things without the means generally reputed neceſſary to that end? A genius differs from a good underſtanding, as a magician from a good architect, that raiſes his ſtructure by means inviſible! this by the ſkilful uſe of common tools. Hence genius has ever been ſuppoſed to partake of ſomething divine. "Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, ſine aliquo afflatu divino."

Learning, deſtitute of this ſuperior aid, is fond and proud of what has coſt it much pains; is a great lover of rules, and boaſter of famed examples; as beauties leſs perfect, who own half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs againſt natural unſtudied graces and ſmall harmleſs inaccuracies, and ſets rigid bounds to that liberty to which genius often owes its ſupreme glory,

glory, but the no genius its frequent ruin; for unprescribed beauties, and unexampled excellence, which are characteriſtics of genius, lie without the pale of learning's authorities and laws; which pale genius muſt leap, to come at them; but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks; we loſe that little credit which poſſibly we might have enjoyed before: for rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the ſtrong. A Homer caſt them away; and, like his Achilles,

Jura ne gat ſibi nata, nihil non arrogat,

by native force of mind. There is ſomething in poetry beyond proſe-reaſon: there are myſteries in it not to be explained but admired; which render mere proſemen infidles to there divinity. And her pardon a ſecond paradox, *viz.* "Genius often then deſerves moſt "to be praiſed, when it is moſt ſure to be condemned; "that is, when its excellence, from mounting high, to "weak eyes is quite out of ſight."

If I might ſpeak farther of learning and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches. As riches are moſt wanted where there is leaſt virtue, ſo learning where there is leaſt genius. As virtue without much riches can give happineſs, ſo genius without much learning can give renown. As it is ſaid in Terence, "Pecuniam negligere interdum maximum "eſt lucrum;" ſo to a neglect of learning, genius ſometimes owes its greater glory. Genius, therefore, leaves but the ſecond place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit and ambition to fling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We muſt juſtly reverence their informing radius for that favour; but we muſt much more admire the radiant ſtars pointed out by them.

A ſtar of the firſt magnitude among the moderns was Shakſpeare: among the ancients Pindar; who (as Voſſius tells us) boaſted of his no-learning, calling himſelf the eagle, for his flight above it. And ſuch genii as theſe may indeed have much reliance on their

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own native powers. For genius may be compared to the natural ſtrength of the body; learning to the ſuperinduced accoutrements of arms: if the firſt is equal to the propoſed exploit, the latter rather encumbers than aſſiſts; rather retards than promotes the victory! "Sacer nobis ineſt deus," ſays Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conſcience; with regard to the intellectual genius, is that god within. Genius can ſet us right in compoſition, without the rules of the learned; as conſcience ſets us right in life, without the laws of the land: this ſingly, can make us good as men; that, ſingly, as writers, can ſometimes make us great.

I ſay, ſometimes; becauſe there is a genius which ſtands in need of learning to make it ſhine. Of genius there are two ſpecies, an earlier and a later; or call them infantine and adult. An adult genius comes out of nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature: Shakeſpeare's genius was of this kind. On the country, Swift ſtumbled at the threſhold, and ſet out for diſtinction on feeble knees; he was an infantine genius; a genius which, like other infants, muſt be nurſed or educated, or it will come to nought: learning is its nurſe and tutor; but this nurſe may overlay with an indigeſted load, which ſmothers common ſenſe; and this tutor may miſlead with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the beſt underſtanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have ſometimes ſet up their authority againſt the true ſenſe of the ſcripture; ſo too great admirers of the claſſical fathers have ſometimes ſet up their authority or example againſt reaſon.

"Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
"Fabula."

So ſays Horace; ſo ſays ancient example. But reaſon has not ſubſcribed. I know but one book that can juſtify our implicit acquieſcence in it; and (by the way) on that book a noble diſdain of undue defence to

prior

prior opinion has lately caſt, and is ſtill caſting, a new and ineſtimable light.

But, ſuperſtition for our predeceſſors ſet aſide, the claſſics are for ever our rightful and revered maſters in compoſition, and our underſtandings bow before them. But when? when a maſter is wanted; which ſometimes, as I have ſhown, is not the caſe. Some are pupils of nature only, nor go further to ſchool. From ſuch we reap often a double advantage; they not only rival the reputation of the great ancient authors, but alſo reduce the number of mean ones among the moderns. For when they enter on ſubjects which have been in former hands, ſuch is their ſuperiority, that, like a tenth wave, they overwhelm and bury in oblivion all that went before; and thus not only enrich and adorn, but remove a load, and leſſen the labour of the lettered world.

"But (ſay you) ſince originals can ariſe from genius "only, and ſince genius is ſo very rare, it is ſcarce worth "while to labour a point too much, from which, we "can reaſonably expect ſo little." To ſhow that genius is not ſo very rare as you imagine, I ſhall point out ſtrong inſtances of it in a far diſtant quarter from that mentioned above. The minds of the ſchoolmen were almoſt as much cloiſtered as their bodies; they had but little learning and few books, yet may the moſt learned be ſtruck with ſome aſtoniſhment at their ſo ſingular natural ſagacity and moſt exquiſite edge of thought. Who would expect to find Pindar and Scotus, Shakeſpear and Aquinas of the ſame party? Both equally ſhow an original, unindebted energy; the *vigor igneus* and *cæleſtis origo* burns in both, and leaves us in doubt whether genius is more evident in the ſublime flights and beauteous flowers of poetry, or in the profound penetration, and marvellous, keen, and minute diſtinctions, called the thorns of the ſchools. There might have been more able conſuls called from the plough than ever arrived at that honour; many a genius, probably, there has been, which could neither write nor

read. So that genius, that ſupreme luſtre of literature, is leſs rare than you conceive.

By the praiſe of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold, by ſaying that diamond is greater ſtill. He who diſregards learning ſhows that he wants its aid; and he that overvalues it, ſhows that its aid has done him harm. Overvalued indeed it cannot be, if genius as to compoſition, is valued more. Learning we thank, genius we revive; that gives us pleaſure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inſpires, and is itſelf inſpired; for genius is from heaven, learning from man; this ſets us above the low and illiterate, that above the learned and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge, genius is knowledge innate, and quite our own. Therefore, as Bacon obſerves it may take a nobler name, and be called wiſdom; in which ſenſe of wiſdom, ſome are born wiſe.

But hear a caution is neceſſary againſt the moſt fatal of errors in thoſe automaths, thoſe ſelf-taught philoſophers of our age, who ſet up genius, and ofter mere fancied genius, not only above human learning, but divine truth. I have called genius wiſdom; but let it be remembered, that in the moſt renowned ages of the moſt refined heathen wiſdom (and theirs is not Chriſtian) "the world by wiſdom knew not God, and it "pleaſed God by the fooliſhneſs of preaching to ſave "thoſe that believed." In the fairy-land of fancy genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wild field of nature alſo lies open before it, where it may range unconfined, make what diſcoveries it can, and ſport with its infinite objects uncontrouled, as fas as viſible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will; but what painter of the moſt unbounded and exalted genius can give us the true portrait of a ſeraph? He can give us only what by his own or others eyes has been ſeen, though that indeed infinitely compounded, ariſed, burleſqued, diſhonoured, or adorned. In like manner, who can gave us divine truth unrevealed?

vealed? much leſs ſhould any preſume to ſet aſide divine truth when revealed, as incongruous to their own ſagacities.——— Is this too ſerious for my ſubject, I ſhall be more ſo before I cloſe.

Having put in a caveat againſt the moſt fatal of errors, from the too great indulgence of genius, return we now to that too great ſuppreſſion of it which is detrimental to compoſitions, and endeavour to reſcue the writer as well as the man. I have ſaid, that ſome are born wiſe; but they, like thoſe that are born rich, by neglecting the cultivation and produce of their own poſſeſſions, and by running in debt, may be beggared at laſt and loſe their reputations, as younger brothers eſtates, not by being born with leſs abilities than the rich heir, but at too late an hour.

Many a great man has been loſt to himſelf and the public, purely becauſe great ones were before him. Hermias, in his collections on Homer's blindneſs, ſays, that Homer requeſting the gods to grant him a ſight of Achilles, that hero aroſe, but in armour ſo bright, that it ſtruck Homer blind with the blaze. Let not the blaze of even Homer's muſe darken us to the diſcernment of our powers, which may poſſibly ſet us above the rank of imitators; who, though moſt excellent, and even immortal (as ſome of them are,) yet are ſtill but *dii minorum gentium*, nor can expect the largeſt ſhare of incenſe, the greateſt profuſion of praiſe, on their ſecondary altars.

But farther ſtill: A ſpirit of imitation hath many ill effects; I ſhall confine myſelf to three. Firſt, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy: In theſe, men are even endeavouring to go beyond their predeceſſors; in the former, to follow them. And ſince copies ſurpaſs not their originals, as ſtreams riſe not higher than their ſpring, rarely ſo high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progreſs and increaſe, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. Theſe reſemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but leſſon exceedingly as they riſe;

thoſe reſemble rivers, which, from a ſmall fountain-head, are ſpreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident, that different portions of underſtanding are not (as ſome imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we ſee, in the ſame period, underſtanding riſing in one ſet of artiſts, and declining in another. Therefore nature ſtands abſolved, and our inferiority in compoſition muſt be charged on ourſelves.

Nay, ſo far are we from complying with a neceſſity which nature lays us under, that, ſecondly, by a ſpirit of imitation, we counteract nature, and thwart her deſign. She brings us into the world all originals; no two faces, no two minds are juſt alike; but all bear nature's evident mark of ſeparation on them. Born originals, how comes it to paſs that we die copies? That meddling ape Imitation, as ſoon as we come to years of indiſcretion (ſo let me ſpeak,) ſnatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of ſeparation, cancels her kind intention, deſtroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer conſiſts of ſingulars, it is a medly, a maſs; and a hundred books at bottom are but one. Why are monkeys ſuch maſters of mimicry? Why receive ſuch a talent of imitation? Is it not as the Spartan ſlaves received a licence for ebriety, that their betters might be aſhamed of it?

The third fault to be found with a ſpirit of imitation, is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor and proud; makes us think little, and write much: Gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cuſhions to promote our repoſe. Have not ſome ſevenfold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's ſevenfold channel of the Nile at the conflagration:

"Oſtia ſeptem
"Pulverulenta vacant ſeptem ſine flumine valles"

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgu's iron money, which was ſo much leſs in value than in bulk, that it required barns of ſtrong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

But, notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages of imitation,

tion, imitation muſt be the lot (and often an honourable lot it is) of moſt writers. If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joſeph's brethren, we muſt travel far for food; we muſt viſit the remote and rich ancients: But an inventive genius may ſafely ſtay at home; that, like the widow's cruſe, is divinely repleniſhed from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our genius be ſuch or not, we diligently ſhould inquire, that we may not go a-begging with gold in our purſe: For there is a mine in man which muſt be deeply dug, ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often ſees that in us, which we ſee not ourſelves; and may there not be that in us, which is unſeen by both? That there may, chance often diſcovers, either by a luckily choſen theme, or a mighty premium, or an abſolute neceſſity of exertions, or a noble ſtroke of emulation from another's glory, as that on Thucydides, from hearing Herodotus repeat part of his hiſtory on the Olympic games: Had there been no Herodotus there might have been no Thucydides; and the world's admiration might have begun at Livy, for excellence in that province of the pen. Demoſthenes; had the ſame ſtimulation, on hearing Calliſtratus; or Tully might have been the firſt of conſummate renown at the bar.

Quite clear of the diſpute concerning ancient and modern learning, we ſpeak not of performance, but powers. The modern powers are equal to thoſe before them; modern performance in general is deplorably ſhort. How great are the names juſt mentioned? Yet who will dare affirm that as great may not riſe up in ſome future, or even in the preſent age? Reaſons there are why talents may not appear, none why they may not exiſt as much in one period as another: An evocation of vegetable fruits depends on rain, air, and ſun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no leſs depends on externals. What a marvellous crop bore it in Greece and Rome: And what a marvellous ſunſhine did it there enjoy! what encouragement from the

nature of their governments, and the ſpirit of their people! Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven; their immortal works to men: Thank Mæcenas and Auguſtus for them. Had it not been for theſe, the genius of thoſe poets had lain buried in their aſhes. Athens expended on her theatre painting, ſculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the ſupport of a war. Cæſar dropped his papers when Tully ſpoke; and Philip trembled at the voice of Demoſthenes. And has there ariſen but one Tully, one Demoſthenes, in ſo long a courſe of years? The powerful eloquence of them both in one ſtream, ſhould never bear me down into the melancholy perſuaſion, that ſeveral have not been born, though they have not emerged. The ſun as much exiſts in a cloudy day as in a clear; it is outward, accidental circumſtances, that with regard to genius, either in nation or age,

Collectas fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit. VIRG.

As great, perhaps greater, than thoſe mentioned (preſumptuous as it may ſound) may poſſibly ariſe; for who hath fathomed the mind of man? Its bounds are as unknown as thoſe of the creation; ſince the birth of which, perhaps, not one has ſo far exerted, as not to leave his poſſibilities beyond his attainments, his powers beyond his exploits. Forming our judgments altogether by what has been done, without knowing, or at all inquiring what poſſibly might have been done, we naturally enough fall into too mean an opinion of the human mind. If a ſketch of the divine Iliad before Homer wrote, had been given to mankind by ſome ſuperior being, or otherwiſe, its execution would probably have appeared beyond the power of man: Now, to ſurpaſs it we think impoſſible. As the firſt of theſe opinions would evidently have been a miſtake, why may not the ſecond be ſo too? Both are founded on the ſame bottom; on our ignorance of the poſſible dimenſions of the mind of man.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimenſions of the human

human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be ſcarce leſs ignorant of his own powers, than an oyſter of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may poſſeſs dormant, unſuſpected abilities, till awakened by loud calls or ſtung up by ſtriking emergencies, is evident from the ſudden eruption of ſome men out of perfect obſcurity, into public admiration, on the ſtrong impulſe of ſome animating occaſion, not more to the world's great ſurpriſe than their own. Few authors of diſtinction but have experienced ſomething of this nature, as the firſt beamings of their yet unſuſpected genius on their hitherto dark compoſition; the writer ſtarts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night; is ſurpriſed; can ſcarce believe it true. During his happy confuſion, it may be ſaid to him as to Eve at the lake,

"What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf." MILT.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under diſguiſe; who, while we are lamenting his abſence, drops his maſk, ſtriking us, at once, with equal ſurpriſe and joy. This ſenſation, which I ſpeak of in a writer, might favour, and ſo promote the fable of poetic inſpiration; a poet of a ſtrong imagination, and ſtronger vanity on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himſelf truly inſpired, which is not improbable; for enthuſiaſts of all kinds do no leſs.

Since it is plain that men may be ſtrangers to their own abilities, and by thinking meanly of them without juſt cauſe, may poſſibly loſe a name, perhaps a name immortal, I would find ſome means to prevent theſe evils, Whatever promotes virtue, promotes ſomething more, and carries its good influence beyond the moral man: to prevent theſe evils, I borrow two golden rules from ethics, which are no leſs golden in compoſition than in life: 1ſt, Know thyſelf; 2dly, Reverence thyſelf. I deſign to repay ethics in a future letter, by two rules from rhetoric for its ſervice.

1ſt. Know

1ſt, Know thyſelf. Of ourſelves it may be ſaid, as Martial ſays of a bad neighbour,

"Nil tam prope, proculque nobis."

Therefore dive deep into thy boſom; learn the depth, extent, bias, and full force of thy mind; extract full intimacy with the ſtranger within thee; excite and cheriſh every ſpark of intellectual light and heat, however ſmothered under former negligence, or ſcattered through the dull dark maſs of common thoughts; and collecting them into a body, let thy genius riſe (if a genius thou haſt) as the ſun from chaos; and if I ſhould then ſay, like an Indian, Worſhip it (though too bold,) yet ſhould I ſay little more than my ſecond rule enjoins, (*viz.*) Reverence thyſelf.

That is, let not great examples or authorities browbeat thy reaſon into too great a diffidence of thyſelf: thyſelf ſo reverence, as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richeſt import from abroad: ſuch borrowed riches make us poor. The man who thus reverences himſelf, will ſoon find the world's reverence to follow his own. His works will ſtand diſtinguiſhed; his the ſole property of them; which property alone can confer the noble title of an author; that is of one who (to ſpeak accurately) thinks and compoſes; while other invaders of the preſs, how voluminous and learned ſoever (with due reſpect be it ſpoken,) only read and write.

This is the difference between thoſe two luminaries in literature, the well-accompliſhed ſcholar, and the divinely inſpired enthuſiaſt: the firſt is as the bright morning ſtar; the ſecond, as the riſing ſun. The writer who neglects these two rules above, will never ſtand alone; he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng: encumbered with the notions of others, and impoveriſhed by their abundance, he conceives not the leaſt embryo of new thought; opens not the leaſt viſta through the gloom of ordinary writers, into the bright walks of rare imagination and

ſingular

ſingular deſign. While the true genius is croſſing all public roads into freſh untrodden ground; he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading the ſecret footſteps of great examples, with the blind veneration of a bigot ſaluting the papal toe; comfortably hoping full abſolution for the ſins of his own underſtanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

Such meanneſs of mind, ſuch proſtration of our own powers, proceeds from too great admiration of others. Admiration has generally a degree of two very bad ingredients in it; of ignorance, and of fear; and does miſchief in compoſition, and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more ſuperiority in it, given than aſſumed; and its grandees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleneſs of other minds, than to the greatneſs of their own. Were not proſtrate ſpirits their voluntary pedeſtals, the figure they make among mankind would not ſtand ſo high. Imitators and tranſlators are ſomewhat of the pedeſtal kind, and ſometimes rather raiſe their original's reputation by ſhowing him to be by them inimitable, than their own. Homer has been tranſlated into moſt languages: Ælian tells us, that the Indians (hopeful tutors!) have taught him to ſpeak their tongue. What expect we from them? Not Homer's Achilles; but ſomething, which, like Patroclus, aſſumes his name, and, at his peril, appears in his ſtead: nor expect we Homer's Ulyſſes, glorioufly burſting out of his cloud into royal grandeur; but an Ulyſſes under diſguiſe, and a beggar to the laſt. Such is that inimitable father of poetry, and oracle of all the wiſe, whom Lycurgus tranſcribed, and for an annual public recital of whoſe works Solon enacted a law, that it is much to be feared, that his ſo numerous tranſlations are but as the poliſhed teſtimonials of ſo many nations and ages, that this author ſo divine is untranſlated ſtill.

But here,

"—— Cynthius aurem
"Vellit;——— VIRG.

and

and demand juſtice for his favourite and ours. Great things he has done; but he might have done greater. What a fall is it from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the ſpheres, into childiſh ſhackles, and tinkling ſounds! But, in his fall, he is ſtill great

"——Nor appears
"Leſs than archangel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
"Of glory obſcur'd."—— MILT.

Had Milton never wrote, Pope had been leſs to blame; but when in Milton's genius, Homer, as it were, perſonally roſe to forbid Britons doing him that ignoble wrong; it is leſs pardonable by that effeminate decoration, to put Achilles in petticoats a ſecond time. How much nobler had it been, if his numbers had rolled on in full flow, through the various modulations of maſculine melody, into thoſe grandeurs of ſolemn ſound, which are indiſpenſably demanded by the native dignity of heroic ſong! how much nobler, if he had reſiſted the temptation of that Gothic demon, which modern poeſy taſting, became mortal! O how unlike the deathleſs, divine harmony of three great names (how juſtly joined!) of Milton, Greece, and Rome! His verſe, but for this little ſpeck of mortality in its extreme parts, as his hero had in his heel, like him had been invulnerable and immortal. But, unfortunately, that was undipt in Helicon, as this in Styx. Harmony, as well as eloquence, is eſſential to poeſy; and a murder of his muſic is putting half Homer to death. Blank is a term of diminution: what we mean by blank verſe, is verſe unfallen, uncurſed; verſe reclaimed, re-enthroned, in the true language of the gods; who never thundered, nor ſuffered their Homer to thunder in rhyme: and therefore I beg you, my friend, to crown it with ſome nobler term; nor let the greatneſs of the thing lie under the defamation of ſuch a name.

But ſuppoſing Pope's Iliad to have been prefect in its kind;

kind; yet it is a tranſlation ſtill, which differs as much from an original, as the moon from the ſun.

——"Phœben alieno juſſerat igne
"Impleri, ſolemque ſuo." CLAUD.

But as nothing is more eaſy than to write originally wrong; originals are not here recommended, but under the ſtrong guard of my firſt rule——Know thyſelf. Lucian, who was an original, neglected not this rule, if we may judge by his reply to one who took ſome freedom with him. He was at firſt an apprentice to a ſtatuary; and when he was reflected on as ſuch, by being called Prometheus, he replied, "I am indeed the "inventor of a new work, the model of which I owe "to none; and, if I do not execute it well, I deſerve "to be torn by twelve vultures inſtead of one."

If ſo, O Gulliver! doſt thou not ſhudder at thy brother Lucian's vulture's hovering over thee? Shudder on! they cannot ſhock thee more, than decency has been ſhocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhumns thrown thy judgement from its ſeat, and laid thy imagination in the mire! In what ordure haſt thou dipped thy pencil! What a monſter haſt thou made of the

"Human face divine." MILT.

This writer has ſo ſatirized human nature, as to give a demonſtration in himſelf, that it deſerves to be ſatirized; but, ſay his wholeſale admirers, Few could ſo have written: True, and fewer would. If it required great abilities to commit the fault, greater ſtill would have ſaved him from it. But whence ariſe ſuch warm advocates for ſuch a performance? From hence, *viz.* before a character is eſtabliſhed, merit makes fame; afterwards, fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece, but this piece for Swift. He has given us ſome beauties which deſerve all our praiſe: and, our comfort is, that his faults will not become common; for none can be guilty of them, but who have wit as well

well as reputation to ſpare. His wit had been leſs wild if his temper had not juſtled his judgment. If his favourite Houyhnhumuns could write, and Swift had been one of them, every horſe with him would have been an aſs, and he would have written a panegyric on mankind, ſaddling with much reproach the preſent heroes of his pen; on the contrary, being born amongſt men, and, of conſequence, piqued by many, and peeviſh at more, he has blaſphemed a nature little lower than that of angels, and aſſumed by far higher than they. But ſurely the contempt of the world is not a greater virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice. Therefore I wonder that, though forborn by others, the laughter-loving Swift was not reproved by the venerable Dean, who could ſometimes be very grave.

For I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he ſtopped ſhort; we paſſed on: but perceiving that he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a ſtatue; and earneſtly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its moſt uppermoſt branches, was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he ſaid, "I ſhall be like that tree, I ſhall die at top." As in this he ſeemed to propheſy like the Sybils; if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his works, eſpecially this blaſted branch of a noble genius, like her too he might have riſen in his demand for the reſt.

Would not his friend Pope have ſucceeded better in an original attempt? Talents untried, are talents unknown. All that I know is, that, contrary to theſe ſentiments, he was not only a vowed profeſſor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it alſo. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation to thoſe who write. One of theſe, all writers muſt call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confeſſed; emulation is ſuperiority conteſted or denied: imitation is ſervile, emulation generous: that fetters; this fires: that may give a name; this a name immortal: this made Athens to ſucceeding ages

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the rule of taſte, and the ſtandard of perfection. Her men of genius ſtruck fire againſt each other; and kindled by conflict into glories, which no time ſhall extinguiſh. We thank Eſchylus for Sophocles: and Parrhaſius for Zeuxis; emulation for both. That bids us fly the general fault of imitators; bids us not be ſtruck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the ſpirits; but as with a trumpet, which inſpires ardour to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, inſtead of learning our diſcipline for ever, like raw troops under ancient leaders in compoſition, to put thoſe laurelled veterans in ſome hazard of loſing their ſuperior poſts in glory.

Such is emulation's high ſpirited advice, ſuch her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imitation, which bleſſed her with all her charms. He choſe rather, with his nameſake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taſte partook the error of his religion: It denied not worſhip to ſaints and angels; that is, to writers who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheoſis from eſtabliſhed and univerſal fame. True poeſy, like true religion, abhors idolatry: and though it honours the exemplary, and takes them willingly (yet cautiouſly) as guides in the way to glory; real, though unexampled excellence is its only aim; nor looks it for any inſpiration leſs than divine.

Though Pope's noble muſe may boaſt her illuſtrious deſcent from Homer, Virgil, Horace; yet is an original author more nobly born. As Tacitus ſays of Curtius Rufus, an original author is born of himſelf, is his own progenitor, and will probably propogate a numerous offſpring of imitators to eternize his glory: while, mule-like imitators die without iſſue. Therefore, though we ſtand much obliged for his giving us an Homer; yet had he doubted his obligation, by giving us—— a Pope. Had he a ſtrong imagination, and the true ſublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers inſtead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying ſwain talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his deceaſe.

Bacon, under the ſhadow of whoſe great name I would ſhelter my preſent attempt in favour of originals, ſays, "Men ſeek not to know their own ſtock and "abilities; but fancy their poſſeſſions to be greater, and "their abilities leſs than they really are." Which is in effect ſaying, "That we ought to exert more "than we do; and that, on exertion, our probability of "ſucceſs is greater than we conceive."

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his aſſiſtance too on my ſide. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world; and, with a more than eagle's eye, ſaw, and has pointed out blank ſpaces or dark ſpots in it, on which the human mind never ſhone: ſome of thoſe have been enlightened ſince; ſome are benighted ſtill.

Moreover, ſo boundleſs are the bold excurſions of the human mind, that, in the vaſt void beyond real exiſtence, it can call forth ſhadowy beings and unknown worlds as numerous, as bright, and perhaps as laſting as the ſtars; ſuch quite original beauties we may call paradiſaical,

"Natos ſine ſemine flores." OVID.

When ſuch an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lies before us, ſhall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the preſent age ſmall ſtreams of excellence, from its grand reſervoir in antiquity; and thoſe too perhaps mudded in the paſs? Originals ſhine like comets; have no peer in their path; are rivalled by none, and the gaze of all: all other compoſitions (if they ſhine at all) ſhine in cluſters; like the ſtars in the galaxy: where, like bad neighbours, all ſuffer from all; each particular being diminiſhed and almoſt loſt in the throng.

If thoughts of this nature prevailed; if ancients and moderns were no longer conſidered as maſters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown; then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might one day become

become ancients themſelves; and old time, that beſt weigher of merits, to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Auguſtan age in both his ſcales; or rather one ſcale might deſcend, and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it ſtrongly ſpeaks) might kick the beam.

And why not? For, conſider, ſince an impartial providence ſcatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of perſons, ſo through all periods of time; ſince a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured on us by revelation, with larger proſpects extending our underſtanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an ineſtimable prize ſetting our paſſions on fire, thus ſtrengthening every power that enables compoſitions to ſhine; ſince there has been no fall in man this ſide Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliaries againſt themſelves, as being perpetual ſpurs to our ambition, and ſhining lamps in our path to fame; ſince this is a ſchool, as well for intellectual as moral advance, and the longer human nature is at ſchool, the better ſcholar it ſhould be; ſince, as the moral world expects its glorious millenium, the world intellectual may hope by the rules of anology, for ſome ſuperior degrees of excellence to crown her latter ſcenes: nor may it only hope but muſt enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics allow, that virtue aſſiſts genius, and that the writer will be more able, when better is the man. ——All theſe particulars, I ſay, conſidered, why ſhould it ſeem altogether impoſſible, that Heaven's lateſt editions of the human mind may be the moſt correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may look back on the comparative darkneſs of former ages, on the children of antiquity; reputing Homer and Demoſthenes as the days of divine genius, and Athens as the cradal of infant fame? What a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown?

What a rant, ſay you, is there? —— I partly grant it: yet, conſider, my friend! knowledge phyſical, ma-

thematical, moral, and divine, increaſes; all arts and ſciences are making conſiderable advance; with them all the accommodations, ornaments, delights, and glories of human life: and theſe are new food to the genius of a polite writer; theſe are as the root, and compoſition as the flower; and as the root ſpreads and thrives, ſhall the flower fail? As well may a flower flouriſh, when the root is dead. It is prudence to read, genius to reliſh, glory to ſurpaſs, ancient authors: and wiſdom to try our ſtrength in an attempt in which it would be no great diſhonour to fail.

Why condemned Maro his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not becauſe his diſcerning eye ſaw ſome length of perfection beyond it! And what he ſaw, may not other's reach? And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? Something new may be expected from Britons particularly; who ſeem not to be more ſevered from the reſt of mankind by the ſurrounding ſea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required in order to give us originals, than a conſiſtency of character, and making their compoſition of a piece with their lives. May our genius ſhine, and proclaim us in that nobler view,

" ——minima contentos nocte Britannos." VIRG.

And ſo it does; for in polite compoſition, in natural and mathematical knowledge, we have great originals already; Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Shakſpeare, Milton, have ſhowed us, that all the winds cannot blow the Britiſh flag farther than an original ſpirit can convey the Britiſh fame; their names go round the world; and what foreign genius ſtrikes not as they paſs? Why ſhould not their poſterity embark in the ſame bold bottom of new enterpriſe, and hope the ſame ſucceſs? Hope it they may; or you muſt aſſert, either that thoſe originals which we already enjoy were written by angels, or deny that we are men. As Simonides ſaid to Pauſanias, reaſon ſhould ſay to the writer, " Remem-

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" ber thou art a man." And for man not to graſp at all which is laudable within his reach is a diſhonour to human nature, and a diſobedience to the divine; for as Heaven does nothing in vain, its gift of talents implies an injunction of their uſe.

A friend of mine has obeyed that injunction: he has relied on himſelf; and with a genius, as well moral as original (to ſpeak in bold terms,) has caſt out evil ſpirits; has made a convert to virtue of a ſpecies of compoſition once moſt its foe; as the firſt Chriſtian emperors expelled demons, and dedicated their temples to the living God.

But you, I know, are ſparing in your praiſe of this author: therefore I will ſpeak of one which is ſure of your applauſe. Shakſpeare mingled no water with his wine; lowered his genius by no vapid imitation: Shakſpeare gave us a Shakſpeare, nor could the firſt in ancient fame have given us more. Shakſpeare is not their ſon but brother; their equal; and that in ſpite of all his faults. Think you this too bold? Conſider, in thoſe ancients what is it the world admires? Not the fewneſs of their faults, but the number and brightneſs of their beauties; and if Shakſpeare is their equal (as he doubtleſs is) in that which in them is admired, then is Shakſpeare as great as they; and not impotence, but ſome other cauſe muſt be charged with his defects. When we are ſetting theſe great men in competition, what but the comparative ſize of their genius is the ſubject of our inquiry? And a giant loſes nothing of his ſize, though he ſhould chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to thoſe heroes of antiquity to ſuppoſe Shakſpeare their equal only in dramatic powers; therefore though his faults had been greater, the ſcale would ſtill turn in his favour. There is at leaſt as much genius on the Britiſh as on the Grecian ſtage, though the former is not ſwept ſo clean; ſo clean from violations not only of the dramatic, but moral rule; for an honeſt heathen, on reading ſome of our celebrated ſcenes, might be ſeriouſly concerned to ſee, that our

obligations to the religion of nature were cancelled by Chriſtianity.

Johnſon, in the ſerious drama, is as much an imitator, as Shakſpeare is an original. He was very learned, as Sampſon was very ſtrong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himſelf under it. We ſee nothing of Johnſon, nor indeed of his admired (but alſo murdered) ancients: for what ſhone in the hiſtorian is a cloud in the poet; and Catiline might have been a good play, if Salluſt had never writ.

Who knows whether Shakſpeare might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Johnſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required: for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of original compoſition flow: and theſe are often mudded by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel moſt wholeſome and pure; as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but perhaps as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory than he would have loſt by it.

Dryden, deſtitute of Shakſpeare's genius, had almoſt as much learning as Johnſon, and, for the buſkin, quite as little taſte. He was a ſtranger to the pathos; and by

by numbers, expreſſion, ſentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, ſtrove to make amends for it: as if a ſaint could make amends for the want of conſcience; a ſoldier for the want of valour; or a veſtal of modeſty. The noble nature of tragedy diſclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart; and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think, the tragedian's point is rather to feel; ſuch diſtant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged deſtroys the former. Look on Barnwell and Eſſex; and ſee how as to theſe diſtant characters Dryden excels, and is excelled. But the ſtrongeſt demonſtration of his no taſte for the buſkin are his tragedies fringed with rhyme; which, in epic poetry, is a ſore diſeaſe; in the tragic, abſolute death. To Dryden's enormity, Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, theſe two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to thoſe ſolemn ornaments which the noble nature of their works required.

Muſt rhyme, then, ſay you, be baniſhed? I wiſh the nature of our language could bear its entire expulſion: but our leſſer poetry ſtands in need of a toleration for it; it raiſes that, but ſinks the greater; as ſpangles adorn children, but expoſe men. Prince Henry, beſpangled oll over in his oylet-hole ſuit, with glittering pins, and an Achilles or Almanzor, in his Gothic array, are very much on a level as to the majeſty of the poet and the prince. Dryden had a great, but a general capacity; and as for general genius, there is no ſuch thing in nature: a genius implys the rays of the mind concentered and determined to ſome particular point; when they are ſcattered widely, they act feebly, and ſtrike not with ſufficient force to fire or diſſolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours; ſo what comes from his head ſets our brains at work, and our hearts at eaſe. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of diſtreſſed patients; and a paſſive audience is what tragedy requires. Applauſe is not to be given, but extorted; and the ſilent lapſe of a ſingle tear does the writer more honour, than the rattling

tling thunder of a thouſand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met) are a ſatire on the writer's talent and the ſpectator's taſte. When by ſuch judges the laurel is blindly given, and by ſuch a poet proudly received they reſemble an intoxicated hoſt and his taſteleſs gueſts over ſome ſparkling adulteration, commending their champaign.

But Dryden has his glory, though not on the ſtage. What an inimitable original is his ode! A ſmall one, indeed, but of the firſt luſtre, and without a ſlaw; and amid the brighteſt boaſts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

Among the brighteſt of the moderns, Mr Addiſon muſt take his place. Who does not approach his character with great reſpect? They who refuſe to cloſe with the public in his praiſe, refuſe at the peril: but, if men will be fond of their own opinions, ſome hazard muſt be run. He had what Dryden and Johnſon wanted, a warm and feeling heart: but being of a grave and baſhful nature, through a philoſophic reſerve, and a ſort of moral prudery, he concealed it, where he ſhould have let looſe all his fire, and have ſhowed the moſt tender ſenſibilities of heart. At his celebrated Cato, few tears are ſhed, but Cato's own; which indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the whole few who love their country better than themſelves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His ſtrength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly golden, than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze, and warm patriotiſm (how rare!) to worſhip; while thoſe two throbbing pulſes of the drama, by which alone it is ſhown to live, Terror and Pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmoleſted hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero through miſtaken excellence, and virtue overſtrained, becomes a ſort of ſuicide, and that which is moſt dramatic in the drama dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers which adorn, all his noble ſentiments but as rich ſpices which embalm the tragedy deceaſed.

Of

Of tragedy, pathos is not only the life and ſoul, but the ſoul inextinguiſhable; it charms us through a thouſand faults. Decorations which, in this author, abound though they might immortalize other poeſy, are the *ſplendida peccata* which damn the drama; while, on the contrary, the murder of all other beauties is a venial ſin, nor plucks the laurel from the tragedian's brow. Was it otherwiſe, Shakſpeare himſelf would run ſome hazard of his crown.

Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides; and what living Socrates would decline the theatre at the repreſentation of Cato? Tully's aſſaſſins found him in his litter, reading the Medea of the Grecian poet, to prepare himſelf for death. Part of Cato might be read to the ſame end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addiſon reſembles that poet, who was called the dramatic philoſopher; and is himſelf, as he ſays of Cato, "ambitiouſly ſententious." But as to the ſingular talent ſo remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender ſtreams of grief and pity, there the reſemblance fails. His beauties ſparkle, but do not warm; they ſparkle as ſtars in a froſty night. There is indeed a conſtellation in his play; there is the philoſopher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? and if that is wanting,

"Cur in theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti? MART.

And when I recollect what paſſed between him and Dryden, in relation to this drama, I muſt add the next line,

"An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

For, when Addiſon was a ſtudent at Oxford, he ſent up his play to his friend Dryden, as a proper perſon to recommend it to the theatre if it deſerved it; who returned it with very great commendation; but with his opinion, that on the ſtage it could not meet with its deſerved ſucceſs. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public ſtage of life. For perſons in power inquiring ſoon after of the head of his college for a youth of parts, Addiſon

diſon was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation which Dryden had juſt then ſpread of him above.

There is this ſimilitude between the poet and the play; as this is more fit for the cloſet than the ſtage, ſo that ſhone brighter in private converſation that on the public ſcene. They both had a ſort of local excellency, as the heathen gods a local divinity; beyond ſuch a bound, they unadmired, and theſe unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied Homer to the public; that Homer, which, when in his cloſet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus though Cato is not calculated to ſignalize himſelf in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a moſt amiable companion in our calmer delights of receſs.

Notwithſtanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquiſite piece. But there is ſo much more of art than nature in it; that I can ſcarce forbear calling it an exquiſite piece of ſtatuary,

> " Where the ſmooth chiſel all its ſkill has ſhown,
> " To ſoften into fleſh the rugged ſtone." ADDISON.

That is where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impoſſible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it and wiſh it was alive. How would a Shakſpeare, or an Otway have anſwered our wiſhes! They would have outdone Prometheus; and with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (ſuch is the force of nature) the poet is out of ſight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward: he ſtands before his piece, ſplendidly indeed, but unfortunately; for the writer muſt be forgotten by his audience during the repreſentation, if for ages he would be remembered by poſterity. In the theatre, as in life, deluſion is the charm; and we are undelighted, the firſt moment we are undeceived.

Such

Such demonſtration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which ſolid happineſs can be found by man; becauſe none are more than comparatively good, and folly has a corner in the heart of the wiſe.

A genius fond of ornament ſhould not be wedded to the tragic muſe, which is in mourning; we want not to be diverted at an entertainment, where our greateſt pleaſure ariſes from the depth of our concern. But whence (by the way) this old generation of pleaſure from pain? The movement of our melancholy paſſions is pleaſant, when we ourſelves are ſafe: we love to be at once miſerable and unhurt; ſo are we made; and ſo made, perhaps to ſhow us the divine goodneſs; to ſhow that none of our paſſions were deſigned to give us pain except when being pain'd is for our advantage on the whole; which is evident from this inſtance, in which we ſee that paſſions the moſt painful adminiſter greatly ſometimes to our delight. Since great names have accounted otherwiſe for this particular, I wiſh this ſolution, though to me probable, may not prove a miſtake.

To cloſe our thoughts on Cato; he who ſees not much beauty in it, has no taſte for poetry; he who ſees nothing elſe, has no taſte for the ſtage. Whilſt it juſtifies cenſure, it extorts applauſe. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate ſomewhat reſembles his, who for conquering gloriouſly was condemned to die. Both ſhone, but ſhone, fatally; becauſe in breach of their reſpective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation muſt that author be, who can ſpare a Cato, without feeling the loſs.

That loſs by our author would ſcarce be felt; it would be but dropping a ſingle feather from a wing that mounts him above his contemporaries. He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extenſive genius than Pope or Swift. To diſtinguiſh this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to diſcover the different

ferent colours in theſe genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a ſingular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addiſon a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and ſway in the world; and conſidered, as uſurpation, all power that was lodged in perſons of leſs ſparkling underſtandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit: Pope was ſomewhat of his opinion, but was for ſoftening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet there were ſome acts of ſeverity in his reign. Addiſon's crown was elevated; he reigned by the public voice:

" ——————Volentes
" Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo." VIRG.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we ſhould dethrone theſe authors, and conſider them not in their royal, but their medicinal capacity, might it not then be ſaid, that Addiſon preſcribed a wholeſome and pleaſant regimen, which was univerſally reliſhed, and did much good, that Pope preferred a purgative of ſatire; which, though wholeſome, was too painful in its operation: and that Swift inſiſted on a large doze of ipecacuanha; which, though readily ſwallowed from the fame of the phyſician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taſte, he threw up the remedy inſtead of the diſeaſe.

Addiſon wrote little in verſe; much in ſweet, elegant, Virgilian proſe; ſo let me call it, ſince Longinus calls Herodotus moſt Homeric, and Thucydides is ſaid to have formed his ſtyle on Pindar. Addiſon's compoſitions are built with the fineſt materials in the taſte of the ancients, and (to ſpeak his own language,) on truly claſſic ground: and though they are the delight of the preſent age, yet am I perſuaded that they will receive more juſtice from poſterity. I never read him but I am ſtruck with a diſheartened idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far ſuperior writers ſhould forget his compoſitions, if they would be greatly pleaſed with their own.

And

And yet (perhaps you have not obſerved it) what is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers concerning him? They call him an elegant writer. That elegance which ſhines on the ſurface of his compoſitions, ſeems to dazzle their underſtanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of ſentiment which lies beneath: thus (hard fate!) he loſes reputation with them, by doubling his title to it. On ſubjects the moſt intereſting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almoſt ſaid with equal weight: and they who commend him for his elegance, pay him ſuch a ſort of compliment by their abſtemious praiſe, as they would pay to Lucretia if they ſhould commend her only for her beauty.

But you ſay, that you know his value already.—You know, indeed, the value of his writings, and cloſe with the world in thinking him immortal: but, I believe, you know not, that his name would have deſerved immortality though he had never written; and that by a better title than the pen can give. You know too, that his life was amiable; but perhaps you are ſtill to learn, that his death was triumphant: that is a glory granted to a very few. And the paternal hand of Providence, which ſometimes ſnatches home its beloved children in a moment, muſt convince us, that it is glory of no great conſequence to the dying individual; that when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the ſake of the ſurviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the ſtrength and opportunity to make his virtue ſhine out brighteſt at the point of death. And, here, permit me to take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being uſually taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind; therefore to ſmother a bright example of this ſuperior good influence, may be reputed a ſort of murder, injurious to the living, and unjuſt to the dead.

Such an example have we in Addiſon; which, though hitherto ſuppreſſed, yet, when once known, is inſuppreſſible, of a nature too rare, too ſtriking, to be forgotten. For after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living; but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! "you ſent for me. I believe, and I hope, that you have "ſome commands. I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See "in what peace a Chriſtian can die." He ſpake with difficulty, and ſoon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how ſtingleſs is death! Who would not thus expire?

What an ineſtimable legacy were thoſe few dying words to the youth beloved! What a glorious ſupplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Chriſtianity! What a full demonſtration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach! For when he would ſtrike us moſt ſtrongly with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this ſublime ſentiment,

"While yet I live, let me not live in vain." CATO.

But how much more ſublime is that ſentiment when realized in life; when diſpelling the langours, and appeaſing the pains of a laſt hour; and heightening with illuſtrious actions the dark avenue, and all-awful confines, of an eternity! When his ſoul ſcarce animated his body, ſtrong faith, and ardent charity, animated his ſoul into divine ambition of ſaving more than his own. It is for our honour and our advantage to hold him high

in

in our eſteem: for the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better will they be.

By undrawing the long-cloſed curtain of his death-bed, have I not ſhowed you a ſtranger in him whom you knew ſo well? Is not this your favourite author,

"————Nota major imoga?" VIRG.

His compoſitions are but a noble preface; the grand work is his death: that is a work which is read in heaven. How has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applauſe of men! How gloriouſly has he opened a ſplendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace! How has he given religion to triumph amidſt the ruins of nature! and, ſtronger than death, riſen higher in virtue when breathing his laſt!

If all our men of genius had ſo breathed their laſt; if all our men of genius, like him, had been men of genius of eternals; then had we never been pained by the report of a latter end——oh! how unlike to this! But a little to balance our pain, let us conſider, that ſuch reports as make us at once to adore and tremble, are of uſe, when too many there are who muſt tremble before they will adore; and who convince us, to our ſhame, that the ſureſt refuge of our endangered virtue is in the fears and terrors of the diſingenuous human heart.

"But reports, you ſay, may be falſe; and you far-
"ther aſk me, if all reports were true, how came an
"anecdote of ſo much honour to human nature, as
"mine, to lie ſo long unknown? What inauſpicious
"planet interpoſed to lay its luſtre under ſo laſting and
"ſo ſurpriſing an eclipſe?"

The fact is indiſputably true; nor are you to rely on me for the truth of it: my report is but a ſecond edition; it was publiſhed before, though obſcurely, and with a cloud before it. As clouds before the ſun are often beautiful; ſo this of which I ſpeak. How finely

pathetic are thoſe two lines, which this ſo ſolemn and affecting ſcene inſpired!

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
"A price for knowledge, taught us how to die." TICKEL.

With truth wrapped in darkneſs, ſo ſung our oracle to the public, but explained himſelf to me: he was preſent at his patron's death, and that account of it here given he gave me before his eyes were dry. By what means Addiſon "taught us how to die," the poet left to be made known by a late and leſs able hand; but one more zealous for his patron's glory: zealous, and impotent, as the poor Egyptian, who gathered a few ſplinters of a broken boat, as a funeral pile for the great Pompey, ſtudious of doing honour to ſo renowned a name: yet had not this poor plank (permit me here ſo to call this imperfect page) been thrown out, the chief article of his patorn's glory would probably have ſunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his frame; a fragment glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! But to commend him for compoſition, though immortal, is detraction now; if there our encommium ends: let us look farther to that concluding ſcene, which ſpoke human nature not unrelated to the divine. To that let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly poſthumous applauſe.

This you will think a long digreſſion; and juſtly, if that may be called a digreſſion, which was my chief inducement for writing at all: I had long wiſhed to deliver up to the public this ſacred depoſit, which by Providence was lodged in my hands; and I entered on the preſent undertaking, partly as an introduction to that which is more worthy to ſee the light; of which I gave an intimation in the beginning of my letter: for this is the monumental marble there mentioned, to which I promiſed to conduct you; this is the ſepulchral lamp, the long hidden luſtre of our accompliſhed countryman, who now riſes, as from his tomb, to receive the regard ſo greatly due to the dignity of his death; a death to be

be diſtinguiſhed by tears of joy; a death which angels beheld with delight.

And ſhall that which would have ſhone conſpicuous amid the reſplendent lights of Chriſtianity's glorious morn, by theſe dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our ſacred, auguſt, and ample regiſter of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim ſplendor of far inferior worth: though ſo laviſh of praiſe, and ſo talkative of the dead, yet is it ſilent on a ſubject which (if any) might have taught its unlettered ſtones to ſpeak. If powers were not wanting, a monument more durable than thoſe of marble, ſhould proudly riſe in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler Addiſon, than that which you and the public have ſo long and ſo much admired: nor this nation only: for it is Europe's Addiſon as well as ours, though Europe knows not half his title to her eſteem, being as yet unconſcious that the dying Addiſon far outſhines her Addiſon immortal. Would we reſemble him? Let us not limit our ambition to the leaſt illuſtrious part of his character: heads, indeed, are crowned on earth; but hearts only are crowned in heaven: a truth, which, in ſuch an age of authors, ſhould not be forgotten.

It is piouſly to be hoped, that this narrative may have ſome effect, ſince all liſten when a death-bed ſpeaks, and regard the perſon departing as an actor of a part, which the great maſter of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roſcius on the ſtage of life: his exit how great! Ye lovers of virtue, *plaudite!* and let us, my friend? ever "remember his end, "as well as our own, that we may never do amiſs." I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged

humble ſervant.

OCEAN; AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA-SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING; AND A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a work, as the increaſe and encouragement of our ſeamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country, as oft as occaſion ſhall require it: A conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of a people great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the caſe of *Greenwich Hoſpital*, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion, for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit, by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country.

SPEECH, Jan. 27. 1727-8

TO THE KING.

I.

OLD OCEAN'S praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly *Britiſh* theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean's* King

II.

To gods and kings,
The poet ſings:
To kings and gods the muſe is dear;

The

The muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul; thy bolder career.

III.

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of blessings and renown;

IV.

Great monarch: bow
Thy beaming brow;
To thee I strike the sounding lyre:
With proud design
In verse to shine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The *Roman* ode
Majestic flow'd;
Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let *Thebes* nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The *North* can *glow*,
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

VII.

The work is done!
The distant sun
His smile supplies! exalts my voice!
Through earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

VIII.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if *war*, or *commerce*, call,

His

His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but thee?
The boundless *sea*,
And grateful muse to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If god's invok'd extend their aid;
Hail subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durst Homer's muse,
Or Pindar's choose
To pour the billows on his string?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

XII.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pause, and now fresh music spring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now sweep
And fetch the sound from every string,

XIV.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin's sighs;
The soft Favonians melt away:

As

As from the north
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

XVI.

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions, good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
And lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since *years* will fly,
And *pleasures* die,
Day after day, as years advance:
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance*;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XX.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life, we live;

By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we gave.

XXI.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
" *Justice* sincere,
" And *courage* clear,
" Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for sway!
" Who look, obey;
" They read the monarch in his *port*;
" Their love and awe
" Supply the *law*;
" And his *own* lustre makes the court:"

XXIII.

" But shines supreme,
" Where heroes flame;
" In war's high hearted pomp he prides!
" By godlike arts
" Enthron'd in hearts,
" Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides,"

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's sons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As steps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

XXVI.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines, and shines *alone?*

Un-

Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVII.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXVIII.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXIX.

At his proud foot
The sea pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth and state,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XXX.

From what we view,
We take the clue,
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect foever my own compofition may be, yet am I willing to fpeak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to fhow that I have, at leaft, fome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myfelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And,

in

in ſpeaking of it, I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that *bad* poets, that is, poets in general are eſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But poetry, in its own nature, is certainly

" ——Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus." VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt:* and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt, or ſtandard in his judgment, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and becauſe more refined, therefore more difficult; and becauſe more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have ſaid, the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poet clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly marks them out for the " genus irritable" among mankind. And from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious anger for no very ſerious things, things looked on by moſt as foreign to the important points of life, as conſequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" Concordes animæ—dum nocte premuntur;
" Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina, vitæ
" Qui juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Ne pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, & cœleſtibus armis,
" Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!
" Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipſe Typhœus
" Arduus, arma tenons; non te Meſſapus et Uſens,
" Contemptorque Deum mezentius." VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt;* becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhow as why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The

The ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of poetry, ſo it is more ſpirituous, and more remote from proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, and delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other poems: its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order and connection, which gives form and life to ſome compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode, is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

Muſa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writers genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt thing in writing, *viz.* an *involuntary burleſque*.

It is the genuine character and true merit of the *ode*, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgments; and, like perſons of tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus *Pindar*, who has as much logic at the bottom as *Ariſtotle* or *Euclid*, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all, who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter when they ſee a man.

And, indeed, it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgment, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in *ode*, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway; and a beautiful *imagination*, as its miſtreſs ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the faireſt offspring of the human mind.

But then in *ode*, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the *imagination*, like a very beautiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the *judgment*, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point: and the leſs it is ſuſpected of it, it ſhews the more maſterly conduct, and deſerves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "the more danger, the more honour." It muſt be very enterpriſing, it muſt (in *Shakeſpeare's* ſtyle) have hair-breadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the *real* judge, unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſapprehenſions of the *contrary*.

Such is *Caſimire*'s ſtrain among the moderns, whoſe lively wit and happy fire is an honour to them. And *Buchanan* might juſtly be much admired, if any thing more than the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, was his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the diſadvantages of a northern proſe-tranſlation, is ſtill admirable; and *Cowley* ſays, as preferable in beauty to *Buchanan*, as *Judea*, is to *Scotland*.

Pindar Anacreon, *Sappho*, and *Horace*, are the great maſters of *Lyric* poetry among heathen writers. *Pindar's* muſe, like *Sachariſſa*, is a ſtately, imperious, and accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the uſe of art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating, that it was the higheſt commendation that could be given an antient, that he was not afraid to taſte of her charms:

Pindarici fontes qui non expalluit haustus.

A danger which *Horace* declares he durſt not run.

Anacreon's muſe is like *Amoret*, moſt ſweet, natural, and delicate, all over flowers, graces and charms; inſpiring complacency, not awe; and ſhe ſeems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which ſhe cannot *find*.

Sappho's muſe, like lady ——, is paſſionately tender and glowing, like oil ſet in fire, ſhe is *ſoft* and *warm* in exceſs. *Sappho* has left us a few fragments only; time has ſwallowed the reſt; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of *Cleopatra*, after the other was diſſolved at her banquet, may be eſteemed (as was that jewel) a ſufficient ornament for the goddeſs of beauty herſelf.

Horace's muſe (like one I ſhall not preſume to name) is correct, ſolid, and moral; ſhe joins all the *former*, in the juſteſt proportions and degrees; ſeperadding a felicity of dreſs entirely her own. She moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this particularity, That ſhe abounds in *hidden* graces, and ſecret charms, which none but the diſcerning can diſcover; nor are any capable of doing full juſtice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the ſame time, an inconteſtable proof of refinement in their own underſtandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I muſt add, that I think Mr Dryden's Ode on St Cecilia's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

are choſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome, give grace and pleaſure. Nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme in general, (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer muſt take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle. Otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the poet.

To ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected: noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of expreſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity

diocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all conſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it; for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors, even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns: as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion: and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; If I have hit the ſpirit of ode in general; If I cannot think with Mr Cowley, that "Muſic alone, ſometimes, makes an excellent ode,"

"Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which are as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits: I hope ſmaller faults will meet indulgence for the ſake of the deſign, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, that great ſubjects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ever ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the minuter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters of poetry, painting, and ſtatuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and juſtly; for a truly maſculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

"Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus." PATRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correction, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know it was Faberimus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or a nail. And we know the cauſe was

"Qui ponere totum
"Neſcius." HOR.

To cloſe; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I muſt own, that thoſe who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *ſeverer* ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ſporting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of hiſtory; from which I ſhould cite very celebrated inſtances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I ſhould condemn myſelf, who am ſo little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN; AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their hands.
PSALM XCVIII.

I

SWEET rural scene!
Of *flocks* and *green!*
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill:
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless *tide!*
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in *measure* to the shore.

III.

Who sings the *source*
Of *wealth* and *force?*
Vast field of commerce and big *war,*
Where *wonders* dwell!
Where *terrors* swell!
And *Neptune* thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? Where are they?
Whom *Pæan's* ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The *Nereids* to my song reply!

lead

I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind:
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
And *Orpheus'* skill;
But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is *Britain's* reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her *fleet*.
The main! the main!
Be *Britain's* strain;
As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

IX.

Through nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure or surprise;
When all-serene,
How *sweet* the scene!
How *dreadful*, when the billows rise.

X.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while *Britannia* fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like *Ocean's* bride,
Adjusting her majestic air.

XI.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,

Deep silence keep,
And seem'd to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning *North*
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head.

XIV.

With terror, mark
Yon flying *bark!*
Now centre deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now spins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd; now pendant near the clouds,
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals:
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the seas and skies:
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep, and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,

The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monsters shock.

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To *Britain* dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain, or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;
And *Phœbus* flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by *these?*
Bright *Thetis!* thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in *green*,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *clouds*, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phœbus* stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,

To

To *Phœbus'* ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoll'n, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains,
"Ah cruel thirst of gold!" he cries:
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloys;
Though *raptures* court,
The *sense* is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone!*
Joys ask'd of none!
Which times and fortune's arrow miss:

Joys

Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecarious, endless bliss!

XXX.

The soul *refin'd*,
Is most inclin'd
To every *moral* excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And *virtue* is the child of *sense*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor *wave* nor *wind*,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her *wealth* and *zeal*,
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*;
Which tow'ring rose
With GEORGE to close,
And rival great ELIZA's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain's* throne
To re-inflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon *fabric fair* *
As nature rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;

For

* *Greenwich.*

For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
High *domes* ascend!
Stretch'd *arches* bend!
Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain,
In fostering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descend;
Then bursts the root
The verdures shoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of *age!*
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning *youth*, to martial rage.

XL.

The story done,
Their setting sun,
Serenely smiling down the west,
In soft decay,
They drop away;
And honour leads them to their rest.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;

A con-

A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XLII.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar loses all its gloss;
And gold refin'd
The sated mind
Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *transport* flows
From bare *repose?*
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's *full blown glory* greet.

XLV.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
By GEORGE's name,
Awake! awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And see, they rouse!
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
Full blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring;

Your *pearl*-alcoves,
Your *coral*-groves,
Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain's* king.

XLVIII.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As CAROLINA's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
Our soils *strong growth*,
And our bold natives *hardy mind*;
Sure heaven bespoke
Our *hearts* and *oak*,
To give a master to mankind.

L.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair, that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud:

LI.

Now big with *war*,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign *soils*
Pours in the bosom of our land:

LII.

Hence, *Britain* lays
In scales, and weighs
The fate of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns
Or smiles, on crowns
A night or day of *glory* springs.

LIII.

Thus *Ocean* swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;

Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mix'd, how frail,
How sure to fail,
Is every pleasure of mankind!
A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind.

LV.

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruck with life's more restless state?
Where all are toss'd,
And most are lost,
By tides of passion, blasts of fate?

LVI.

The world's the main,
How vex'd! how vain!
Ambition swells, and anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public scene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to despise!
The world few know,
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience rise.

LVIII.

All tender sense
Is banish'd thence,
All maiden nature's first alarms;
What shock'd before
Disgusts no more,
And what disgusted has its charms.

LIX.

In landscapes green
True bliss is seen,
With innocence, in shades she sports:

In wealthy towns
Proud labour frowns,
And painted sorrow smiles in courts.

LX.

These scenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To fortune's arrow's bar'd my breast,
Till wisdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleasure was in rest.

LXI.

" O may I steal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, secure from foes!
" My friend sincere,
" My judgment clear,
" And gentle business my repose.

LXII.

" My mind be strong
" To combat wrong!
" Grateful, O King! for favours shown!
" Soft to complain
" For other's pain,
" And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
" And warmth to relish every boon,
" And wise to still
" Fantastic ill,
" Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon.

LXIV.

" No fruitless toils,
" No brainless broils,
" Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day so short
" Invites no sport;
" Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet prudence still
" Reign thou my will!
" What's most important make most dear!

" For

" For 'tis in this
" Resides true bliss;
" True bliss, a deity severe!

LXVI.

" When temper leans
" To gayer scenes,
" And serious life void moments spares,
" The sylvan chase
" My sinews brace!
" Or song unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII.

" Nor shun, my soul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow!
" Ingredients these
" Above to please
" The laughing gods the wise below.

LXVIII.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit than wine,
" More sense than wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converse of the heart!

LIX.

" The gloomy brow,
" The broken vow,
" To distant climes, ye gods, remove!
" The nobly-soul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth supreme!
" Divine benevolence of soul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one blessing grasps the whole!

LXXI.

" Prophetic schemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I unsanguine cast away!

" Have what I have,
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the present day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own,
" My faults unknown,
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then leave one beam
" Of honest fame,
" And scorn the labour'd monument!

LXXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn,
" Till that great turn
" When mighty nature's self shall die;
" Time cease to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the ocean of eternity."

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING,

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *ancient days*,
To *warriors* ardent deeds to raise,

And

* Annals of the Emperor CHARLES XII. LEWIS XIV.

And *monarchs* aggrandize;——the glory, thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd?
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to sound;——
But let ARION's sea-strung harp be mine:

III.

But where's his *dolphin?* Know'st thou, where?—
May that be found in thee, VOLTAIRE!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On *Dorset* downs, when MILTON's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
Who gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That MILTON's blindness lay not in his song?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
How shortly will we both forget
To thee my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for *Prussia's* golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The *Gaelic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:——
Oh friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—

Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other Counsels, and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
What scenes we see!——Exalted aim!
With ardours *new* our spirits flame;
Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE I.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms?
War bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
Ambition, mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain's* sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.———At *Britain's* nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain *pines* assume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoaking rivers runs her molten ore;

Thence,

Thence, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empire's wide, an *island's* will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance: Know ye pow'rs!
In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd *Britannia's* awful senate low'rs.

VI.

In her grand council * she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From hope's triumphant summit th' own,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them: then *they* blaze!
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of JOVE,
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowell'd womb;
Chain'd glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
Red wing'd, by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and masts;
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole

* Houſe of Lords.

Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
How lambent in BELLONA's flame;
How her storms languish on the continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient war
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortal's storm'd,
To patient *Britain's* angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I VULCAN's sooty cave,
Where JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna* hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of MARS, MINERVA's helmet blue;
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin; * and, first, take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then, borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd *Britannia's* wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

ODE. II.

* Alluding to VIRGIL's deſcription of thunder.

ODE II.

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plain, and *Bourbon* shake;
If *Britain's* crimes support not *Britain's* foes,
And edge their swords; O Pow'r Divine!
If blest by Thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In *Britain's* cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deads inspire;
From oozy beds, for *Britain's* sake
Awake! illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commissioned from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too *feeble* to sustain;
Or *firm* to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main.

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!——
"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
"Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
"Now wars important die is thrown,
"If left the day to man alone,
"How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
"Let deep remorse, and sighs sincere
"For *Britain's* guilt, the wrath divine appease;
"A wrath, more formidable far
"Than angry nature's wasteful war,
"The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

"From

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!
" To Thee for succour we resort;
" Thy favour is our only port,
" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke!
" Thou can'st arrest the flying ball;
" Or send it back, and bid it fall
" On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care
" To climes *remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" ALLY SUPREME! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the sea;
" With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouse, or hush, the martial storm;
" And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

" Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to free;
" To turn aside his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:——
" *There* we cast anchor, we confide in THEE.

XI.

" THOU, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
" And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
" Bid *Britain's* flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And GEORGE dupute to thunder in thy stead.

" The

* Ruſſia.

† Aurora Borealis.

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold, and strong;
" Black, hovering clouds appal the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: Nature's awful Sire!
" Less than one moment should'st Thou frown,
" Where is puissance, and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let GEORGE the just chastise the vain:
" THOU, who dost curb the rebel main,
" To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,
" The boundless swell of *Gallic* pride;
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withstood)
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loss of blood,
" Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
" With peals of joy, *Britannia's* fleet,
" How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
" The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

EPISTLES TO MR POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at *Twick'nham* plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meet, at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;

The

The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And CODRUS' prose works up, and LICO's strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
And all the *Garrat* thunders on the throng!
O POPE! I burst; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye *Vandals!* my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myself to death, and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?——
Thy pardon, CODRUS! who, I mean, but thee!
POPE! if like mine, or CODRUS', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys.
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting:
But as by depredations wasp proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college-sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad:
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;

For

For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut.
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradsemen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a *Writer's* made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes his birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful *isle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease.
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the spleen;
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some for 'tis *Sunday;* some, because 'tis wet;
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes, because his fathers writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: Why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just;

Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends?*
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So sound spontaneous from the *Sibyl* broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they cou'd;
And nations star'd at what none understood.
CLODIO dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul)!
Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
I'll meet thee, youth, at WHITE'S: The youth replies,
I'll meet thee there, and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare:
CLODIO for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must *Spain* tremble, and the *German* shake;
Such writers have me! all, but sense, they print;
Ev'n GEORGE's praise is dated from the *Mint*.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.
O! the just constrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *Pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay CASTRUCHIO's miscellaneous dress?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their magestic dome;
They make a private study of the street:
And looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd;
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecstacies,
Will they persist? 'Tis madness; *Lintot*, run,
See them confin'd.——"O that's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the *Mint*.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubrius, they cry, and write again.
Such was their nuisance manfully expose.
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them ye judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censors part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.
A virgin author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
These in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night:
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds, that without sleeping, he could dream:
So sparks they say, takes goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.
In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, : " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dismiss;
" Your glory, and my own, shall live by this:
" Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame through time convey'd,
" And *Britain Europe's* Queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price:
" What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another and the same;
For *A*, his magic pen invokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth our awe.
Can these oblige, whose heads and hearts, are such?
No; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, our enemies alone embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dullness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To swell your sails, like *Laplond* winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags:
A *State-Ulysses* tames 'em with his bags;
Let him be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, *Jew*:
For *Christain* ministers of state are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With

With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to *pay*
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the *greatest* pow'rs enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right;
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconstancy *Britannia* meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page?
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?——I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write;
How justly PROTEUS' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*,
Invites the town to sup at *Drury-lane*;
A dreadful *lion* now he roars at pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the *Tow'r*;
He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make:
The *snake* reigns most; snakes, PLINY says, are bred,
When the *brain's* perish'd in a human head.
Ye grov'lling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat, things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!

Thrown from the *Tree of Knowledge*, like you, curst
To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.
What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
It did in ELKENAH, why not in you?
Poor ELKENAH, all other changes past,
For bread in *Smithfield dragons* hist at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your *prototype;* and so he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are, is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in *Macbeth:*
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transcient vestments of these frugal men,
Hasters to paper for our mirth agen:
To soon (O mercy melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate;
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
LINTOT relents, nor CURL can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.
From *these*, their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,
And *Saturday's;* the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull:
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred-writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
Withsnares for woodcocks in his holy leer:

It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights*!
While graceless *Reynard* listens—till he bites,
As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at *London*; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the *Muses seat*?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choose eternity, or ease?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
To woo the muse in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An *Author*! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
The sole proprietor of just applause?
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.

What

* His late majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Wo to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fountaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think that *early* we must think *at last*.
Immortal wit's, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the muse, extorts *Apollo's* curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest, or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense;
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.

Flagaticus

Flagitious manners make impressions deep:
On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:
Nor in ther dullness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.
Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances breed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That *wit's* a jewel, which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense*, life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an authors name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is: how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Must trust example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore;
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praise,
Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuse no *fault;* though beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; *Addison*
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unfound.
He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice;
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So

So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.
Let *satire* less engage you than *applause:*
It shows a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's, country's, truth's, religion's,* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live.
First *have* that glory you presume to *give.*
If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man:*
Defaults in those alone should give offence!
Who strikes the *person,* pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To *Codrus* form; I'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense,
Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift,*
Beware of *humour,* the dull rogue's *last shift.*
Can others write like you? Your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life:
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life,

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn'd o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream:
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgement wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign: o'er that your *Creed*:
Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurel's* grow;
Do thus, and rise a *Pope* or a *Despreau*:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you retsore just honours to the pen!
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.
'Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
'Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
'Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
'As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails at meat?'
Shall I with *Bavius* then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; *Time* has nor friend nor foe;
False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;

While

While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *slay the slain*.
Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire *Codrus* rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in aukward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *sons* of *dullness* write.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

M.DCC.XII.

———Parnaſſia laurus
Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjecit umbra. VIRG.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone;
While ſuppliant kings, in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate;
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring,
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you:

The muſe's friend is pleas'd the muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crowds, and labour for acceſs;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heav'n repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſures chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flow'ry ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen
When ſuch as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids ev'ry nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in council brave Argyll ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracts he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord:
Who caſt the ſeed the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſters name.

Each

Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient, thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in ev'ry field
He finds Elyſium rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe.
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtriſes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate!) In Bourbons ſtately dome:
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer too, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis, Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.

What Britain but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword.
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow,
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow;)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole.
The Britiſh merchant who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind,
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Meanwhile, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height;
And pow'r a curſe, if not a friend to right;
To conquer, is to make diſſenſion ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the KING of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land;
Now war, is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relics of the ſword away.

When

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone:
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword
Was born to raiſe a temple to the LORD.
Anne too ſhall build, and ev'ry ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force to bleſs
Th' Almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdu'd, to this?
The grave ſets bound to ſublunary bliſs;
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne:
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begin.

Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day;
Now boaſt your deaths, to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.

The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor peace-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet,
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main,)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.

Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray; nor in one breath
Aſk mercy for ourſelves, for others death.
But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motive's yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Britain, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place:
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial orders ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the muſes ſing?
The muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her Io Pœans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the muſe may wear,
(A thouſand various forms become the fair;)
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;

Calls

Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks:
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcene his ſoul and body re-unite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will;
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt,
How often have I ſeen the gen'rous bowl,
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth which ev'ry ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her pow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures fail'd:
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lie.

Thus

Thus they whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the muſe's banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? How ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans, how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue whom ſo fit
To govern and controul the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the muſes to their fountain head:
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte:
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt.
For Corneille's ſake, I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the labyrinthian thread:

Our

Our genius more affects the grand than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouſe th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much,
What's great in nature, we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove,
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man,
Than any Cæſar in a human plan;
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heav'n deſign'd,
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made:
Our neighbour's ſtage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly, we muſt own;
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err, by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame;
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.

And

And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and enchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendants; Shakeſpeare has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame;—
Yet in vain that author would ſuppreſs:
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name,
Should Shakeſpeare riſe, unbleſt with Talbot's ſmile
Even Shakſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the Will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate; that gives me leave to write
To you the muſe's glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor falſe, encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an author with your praiſe.
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due;
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.

What

* An anceſtor of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpeare.

What though the great man ſets his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded when beſt underſtood.
The muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the muſe deſerves;
The muſe, which from her Lanſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong,
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe yonr patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue.
Since what is mean my muſe can't raiſe, I'll chooſe
A theme that's able to exalt my muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Grenville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;
Whether we chooſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way;
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Though ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien
You to be happy want not to be ſeen:
Though priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd though reſolute to pleaſe,
You were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world's your glory's witneſs, not it's cauſe;

That

That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their GOD obey.
You take delight in others excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you perhaps alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhow your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well-us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good: that told ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hectors valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
When you, my Lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
(No crowns around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,)
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought:
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chooſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.

What joy, what pleaſing tranſport muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpris'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhore the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand,
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd,
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heav'nly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand?
Read Seneca grown rich in Grenville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Grenville's name.
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowment from the KING of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Grenvilles in five thouſand years.

* See his Lordſhips tragedy, intituled, "Heroic Love."

Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Grenville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you muſt blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own: 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a type far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun to bend his courſe. *
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the north diſdains.
How are ye bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend?
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end.
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain.
Didſt thou return, and bliſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?
Thy taſk was early done; and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.

But

* His Lordſhip's nephew, who took orders.

But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Stafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in the grave.
With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with his melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That not in health or life itſelf, confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine;
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll;
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan——Support me,——O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear *!
Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhow'rs:
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the muſe immortal you was born.
ing: and in lateſt time, when ſtory's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;

* The author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman Mr. William Harriſon, fellow of New College, Oxon.

Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page:
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain Sway'd when Grenville ſung;
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted Lord.

SOME THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE *.

INSCRIBED TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are ſmall, when greater riſe to view,
Though ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong:
Which peradventure, may puſh by the world;
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal;
And leave Europe's counſels leſs mature:
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear; but gain by thee delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
State's intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee:
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one,
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's ſupreme prerogative, to ſtamp
On others minds an image of his own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem,
The ſtreams that ſweeps away the country's weal;

The

* The Late rebellion. 1745.

The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'ſt give life to virtue's cauſe;
Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſt to feeble hands.
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good.
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound;
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach.
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degen'rate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point,
But, with more emphaſis, to call them fools.
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.
Such deeds the miniſter, the prince, adorn;
No pow'r is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe:
All, all is impotence, but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhow his pow'r;
To prince and people, thou of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care,
To grace thy country, and ſupport thy throne;
Though this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well.
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's CÆSAR our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which unpaid makes ſpecious wrong,
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide;
Illuſtrious followers; we muſt firſt be juſt;
And what ſo juſt, as awe for the SUPREME!
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than virtue's well clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
Yon ſavage mountaineers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters, ſend forth the laws,
And break to reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
PRUDENCE, for all things, points the proper hour,
Though ſome ſeem more importunate and great.

Though Britain's gen'rous views and int'reſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand enrites make on diſtant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, tow'ring ſtands,
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapt in public cares.
Though ſuch high cares ſhould call, as call'd of late,
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn;
And EUROPE's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt,
The rival int'reſts, and contending claims,
Of life and death, of now and of for ever;
Sublimeſt theme! and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!)
Thus every ſtateſman thought, that ever——dy'd,
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour;
And death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His graſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand:
Naked of human, doubtful of divine
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth;
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more:
On what then ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point,
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt, right to judge; then chooſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.——
Theſe, theſe are politics will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſter ſting,
And ſtateſman would fain ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſman ſwell;)

Beyond

Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd; or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagu'd with an invincible ally,
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land,
A land ——that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this.
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace;
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud fame's ſuperior ſong.
Britain!——that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our blood;
Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!——there's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled round me blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our father's brows?
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
Ye ſcenes!——aſtoniſhing to modern ſight?
Let me at leaſt enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen. They wake;
High beats the pulſe; the noble pulſe of war
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And ev'ry battle paid for heroes ſlain.
No more our great forefathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown, our ſhame, no more.
In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts OLD Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword; and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A noble avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.

In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want, or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where o'er black deeds, the crucifix diſplay'd,
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints,
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear; themſelves with earth content,
What modeſty!——Such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe names from Jeſus, and whoſe hearts from hell.
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, liberty, and truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plund'ring Romulus;
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! Be Britain BRITAIN ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,

To

To ſet high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd, the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This ſmall iſle, wide-realm'd monarchs eyes with awe!
Which ſays, to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, not farther."——Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear, disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and unbritiſh deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiouſly profan'd:
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long to liberty;
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Light gold, to take anew truth's heav'nly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in w·ight)
With her bleſs'd maſters unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? Why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword;
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, ALBION's CRIMES?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes;
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bluſhing truth,
"In her friends vices," —with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſh·ken ſtands;

Flux

Flux, as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim;
But be the revolution——in our hearts!
Wouldſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark,
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and ev'ry future ſtorm?
Give it that ballaſt, which alone has weight
With HIM, whom wind, and waves, and war obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe;
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe,
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron of the juſt.
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength!
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd: diſarm'd
Of aid from HIM, by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from HIM, by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;——
Emaſculated then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands.
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heav'n commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow;

And

And tell the world, "Not ſtrong in human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of Heav'n."
O BRITAIN! often reſcu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow.
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard;
In HIM, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrengthen; ruin'd, could reſtore:
How oft, to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war deſpair'd?
How oft has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd, while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But we, before aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind Heav'n, evert events,
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd, but gathers, and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"——
Is this conjecture of advent'rous thought?
Or pious coward's pulpit cuſhion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays reaſon eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what ſays common-ſenſe, with common care
Weighing events and cauſes in her ſcale?

All

All give one verdict; one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence, Delphos could not mend:
" Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
" From politics, to build the public peace,
" The baſis is the manners of the land.
" When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
" But ſtruggle with deſtruction; as a child
" With giants huge; or giants with a Jove,
" The ſtatesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our ſpoils;
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colour of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
It ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold and ſtrong,
To duty, double duty, are the great?
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all;
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none;
Whoſe pulſe beats virtue, and whoſe gen'rous blood
Aids mental motive's, to puſh on renown,
In emulation of their glorious fires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts;
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;

A foe,

A foe, who (like a wizard in his cell,
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond ſighted Scots,
French magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable, from lower ſtill)
A foe, who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate;
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſies, and her Blenheims), in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Through ev'ry gen'rous breaſt where honour reigns,
Through ev'ry breaſt where honour claims a ſhare?
Yes, and through ev'ry breaſt of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or fragant infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names at which ſurrounding nations ſhook;
Thoſe names ador'd; a nuiſance!, or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful die;
But nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adament:
'Tis fix'd, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand, or fall, by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpris'd?—Yet why ſurpris'd—

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call;
And how divine was the monition given?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the north;
While thunder o'er my head portentous roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event;
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is now conteſted by her foes;
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray);
By fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:—

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

" YE ſtates! and empires! nor of empire's leaſt,
" Though leaſt in ſize, hear, Britain! thou whoſe lot,
" Whoſe final lot is in the balance laid!
" Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales,
" Nor know'ſt thou which will win.——Know, then,
" from me,
" As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
" State miniſters, as upright, or corrupt,
" Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
" Health, or diſtemper; haſten or retard
" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
" And though, for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
" Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
" Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe!
" Tis fix'd! by fate, irrevocably fix'd!
" VIRTUE AND VICE ARE EMPIRE'S LIFE AND DEATH."
Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
Is BRITAIN on her deathbed?——No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.——But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With rev'rence, read; with ſtedfaſtneſs; believe;

With

With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires:
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adament be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of time:
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monuments proud baſe,
In black oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give vice her head,
To licenſe lew'd let looſe the public rein;
Quench ev'ry ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls;
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel——penn'd at ROME:
Hawk'd through the world, by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?——by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave;
Hate all, that lifted heroes into gods,
And hung the horrors of a victors chain;
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
That vengeance, ſoon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers———of the Stateſman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this creed of ſtates
Seconds, and irreſiſtably ſupports,
The Chriſtian creed. Are you ſurpris'd——Attend,
And on the ſtateſman's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;

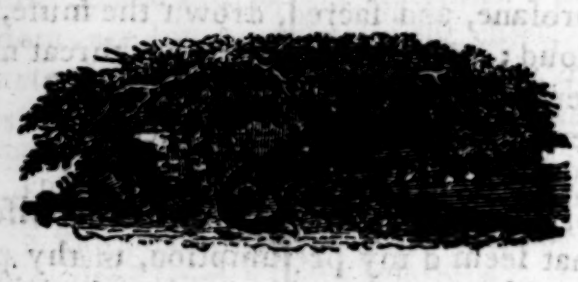
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it, but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—" That they who ſtates compoſe,
" That men, who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
" Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour ?"
For God is equal; ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons; or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable ?
A pattern here of univerſal right.
What then ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man ?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom ?
Reply'd by politicians, well as prieſts
Writ ſacred, ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals ! theſe pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there, are better ſcholars here.
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes,
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire;
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpris'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity;
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded, in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line ?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend, and fix us in the right.

If

If we regard the politics of Heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? A ſupplement of this.
Without it, juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? (As ſure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne), a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too;
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
What hence reſults? A truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in BRITANNIA's ear:
"Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man;
"Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own; and therefore will;
And praiſe, and preach it too:——and, when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What Highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inſpir'd,)
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
RECORD profane, and ſacred, drown the muſe,
Through loud; and far out-threat her threat'ning ſong.
Still farther, HOLES! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus, what ſeem'd my preſumption, is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is virtue's claim'd;

And virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot
Which talks of immortality; and bids
In ev'ry Britiſh breaſt true glory riſe,
As, now, the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us ev'ry hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd:—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious, after nights incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon;
Than the firſt feeble dawn of MORAL day:
Sole day (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend,
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns)
Sole day worth his regard, whom Heav'n ordains
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark; and date,
From the ſun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen, and their monarchs (names of awe
And diſtance here!) ſhall rank with common men;
Yet own'd their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.



THE INSTALMENT.

M.DCC.XXVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Quæſitam meritis. Hor.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead! ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning-ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This claſp the di'mond girdle round the waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread;
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fix'd the race,
None preſs'd for glory with a ſwifter pace.
When fate would call ſome mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome fav'rite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pours down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe!
That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain! ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
Thy veſſel ſafe through fortune's rougheſt tide.
If peace ſtill ſmiles, by this ſhall commerce ſteer,
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere;
And gath'ring tribute from each diſtant ſhore,

In

In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Through that black cloud, which riſing from the Thames,
With Thunder form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſent
To claim the ſeas, and awe the continent:
This ſhall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the muſe ſhall kindle and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire;
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry remains of poeſy.
My fortune ſhows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair?
Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free!
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.
Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoris'd my muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.
Falſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair fame to worthleſs men.
This profanation of celeſtial fire,
Makes fools deſpiſe what wiſdom ſhould admire,
Let thoſe I praiſe to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe, rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,
And rooted deep; one means muſt ſet them free;
Patron! and patriot! let them ſing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear
Nor thoſe retain when winter chills the year;
The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the ſun,
With vig'rous charms can through the ſeaſons, run;
Deſies the ſtorm with her tenacious green;
And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen;
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
And midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
On Walpole thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament, and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Let fall no honours, but, ſecurely great,
Unfaded, holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though ruffling factions preſs;

By

By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs:
One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *;
And the charm'd muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte truth indites, old time ſhall read.
" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which soon beat high for arts, and public good;
" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease?
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please?
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing and his heart sincere;
" His counsel guides, his temper cheers, our isle;
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."
Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son;
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly conscious meets the smiles of fate;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls in affectation run
To shades nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd;
As, when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud a monarch fills the throne,

Who

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let *fame* look lovely in *Britannia*'s eyes;
They coldly court *desert*, who *fame* despise:
For what's *ambition* but fair virtue's *sail?*
And what *applause*, but her propitious *gale?*
When swell'd with *that*, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the *port* design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring *oar*,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore:
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By *blasts* of *envy*, or by *fortune*'s *tide*:
For *one* that has succeeded, *ten* are lost,
Of *equal* talents, ere they make the coast.
Then let *renown* to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams *aright*,
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory like our land descends.
Custom the *garter* long confin'd to few;
And gave to *birth*, exalted *virtue*'s due:
Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down;
And high desert *embraces* fair renown.
Tho' *rival'd* let the *Peerage smiling* see,
(Smiling in justice to their *own* degree,)
This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
On worth like *that*, whence first the *Peerage* flow'd.
From frowns of fate *Britannia*'s bliss to guard,
Let subjects *merit*, and let king's reward.
Gods are *most gods* by *giving to excel*:
And *kings* most like *them* by *rewarding well.*
Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrows upward flight; (
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.
Thus while I sing *thee* with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more; for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh *peace* and *war*, now *Europe*'s eyes are bent
On mighty *Brunswic*, for the great event
Brunswic, of kings the terror or defence!
Who dare detain *thee* at a world's expence?

The

THE MERCHANT;

AN ODE ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πυιτελαι ταντοθευ λογὸν-
σιν εντι προσοδοι
νασὸν ευαλεα ταν-
δε αοσμειν.

PIND: Nem. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

I.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread
The naval oak nods o'er my head.
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

II.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
This kingdom from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd isle! no less,
By nature's favour from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

III.

Though fate and time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning GEORGE supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the Pine *,
That glads the heart of CAROLINE,

Its

* The vessel in which the king came over.

Its grand diposit faithful to restore;
Salute the bark that ne'er should hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an e'ernal clime,
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise———
The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound;
I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

VII.

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods:
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful sons of genius, rise!
Of genuine title to the skies;
Ye founts of learning! and ye mints of fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The gen'rous burst of willing wine,
Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN I.

I.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
What shining forms surrounds his throne,

O sun!

O sun! as planets thee! To my loud strain
See peace, by wisdom led, advance;
The grace, the muse, the season dance!
And plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
New glories kindle round his throne;
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of fate;
And now am present to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun!——O thou divine,
Bless'd industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows,

V.

What cannot industry complete?
* When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a flamin cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

VI.

Is sloth indulgence? 'Tis a toil,
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress
Cankers our being; all devours:
A full exertion of our pow'rs!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear:
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy nature feel her wonted force;

* L Florus.

'Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Ye taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

VIII.

Where industry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her native air;
Here was trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
And ever shall she flourish here:
What though she languish'd? 'twas but fear;
She's sound of heart, her constitution's strong.

IX.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor, push from shore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And see, she's rous'd, absolve from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, peace,
She levies gain on every place.
Religion, habit, custom, tongue and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nations languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
World, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile,
Their urns inverted, prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia, for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China, sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet

With

With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant sails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season bending on thy shores?

XV.

All these one British harvest make!
The servant ocean, for thy sake;
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap;
And fondly give in boundless dow'r
To mighty GEORGE's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair virtue with the first renown;
A large revenue, and a large expence,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to moral excellence.

XVII.

Glow then, my breast! abound my store;
This, and this boldly I implore;
Their want and apathy let stoics boast:
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill:
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd, or the profuse,
The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
Has lent the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich: stores starve us, or they cloy,

From gold if more than chemic skill
Extract not what is brighter still:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
A Chandos shines, when other's joys are done;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No sordid sin of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace:
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations; commerce and increase.

XXII.

How various nature! turgid grain,
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
Their worms weave silken webs, here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun:
Beneath the soil, their harvests run,
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various nature? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And int'rest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great CREATOR's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound:
How stands the deep aw'd continent aghast,

As

As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quey,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast!

XXVI.

Th' unwieldly tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime set to sail,
See here, by subjects of a British king:
How earth's abridg'd; all nations range
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

XXVIII.

A size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seen as emmets on this point the ball?
Heav'n lighted up the human soul,
Heav'n bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And giving godlike reason, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Blest reason! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A god is nought but reason infinite.

XXX.

The man of reason is a god,
Who scorns to stoop to fortune's nod:
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:

Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away;
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire call;
Peace, commerce, freedom nobly fall,
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

XXXIII.

How foreign these, though most in view!
Go, look your whole existence through;
Thence form your rules; thence fix your estimate:
For so the gods. But as the gains,
How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

XXXIV.

Hence, reason! the first palm is thine:
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine;
By thee, trade's swarming throng, gay freedom's smile.
Armies in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, arts flowing gown,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

I.

Commerce gives arts, as well as gain;
By commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply commerce, then, ye Briton's bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple realm that awes the continent;

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r;
When Jove descends a golden show'r,

'Tis

'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire.
Her merchants princes! every deck a throne!

IV.

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
Her stable column ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
By both obey'd: the Syrian sings;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings:
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs,

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor;
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast: far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; The Persian, arms.

VI.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
The golden city was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot: extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of ocean! head of plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!——But she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's throne!
The land, one altar! a whole people slain!

IX.

The destin'd day puts on our frown;
The sable hour is coming down;
She's on her march from yon almighty throne;

The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast, unknown!

X.

For oh! her sins as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
The queen of trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sinks! her mighty bow!
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
Is it for this the great ones toss the brow?

XII

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To nuptials cold, how glow the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The spurious lord it o'er the land!
Bold blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,
Whose brows wi h wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests, in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's cedar all her honour sheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth! what thirst of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
What public boasts! what private views!
What desert temples! crowded stews!
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the son's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts;

Alas!

Alas! there is who sees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

XVI.

He sees and thunders!—Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain her high presumptuous air:
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian isles, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus vain! unfolds the glossy store.
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her ivory deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone,
Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though so vast her naval might,
In her first dawn'd the British right,
* All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet,

What

* Q. Curtius.

What though she longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that isle destroy
Whose conquest fail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she cloth'd in purple, shake
Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
"O fatal pride? (they cry;) this, this is she,
"Who said———With my own art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm——
"And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

XXIII.

"This, this is she, who meanly soar'd:
"Alas! how low to be ador'd,
"And style herself a god!——Through stormy wars
"This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with human gore:
"And would have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

"But ah! frail man! how impotent
"To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
"To turn aside the great CREATOR's aim!
"Shall island-kings with him contend,
"Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
"And shall drink up the sea herself with flame!

XXV.

"Earth, ether, empyreum bow,
"When from the brazen mountain's brow,
"The God of battle takes his mighty bow:
"Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
"Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
"And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

"Ah wretched isle, once call'd the great!
"Ah wretched isle, and wise too late!
"The vengeance of JEHOVAH is gone out:
"Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
"And freedom lost, the realms deride,
"Ador'd the standing, o'er thy ruins shout.

XXVII.

"To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
"Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
"'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:

"How

"How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
"Wide, waste, and night, and horror frown,
"Where empire flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

STRAIN III.

I.

HENCE learn as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes solicit down,
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell:
What is large property?——The sign of good,
Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

III.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth and freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the continent,
Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

IV.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts, who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot?
'Tis property supports pursuit;
Freedom gives eloquence; and freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
She make the blood and spirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouze, and rise, and rave
In Theban song: O muse! not thine,
Verse is gay freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,

Is born for trade, to plough her field the wave,
And reap the growth of every coast;
A speck of land! but let her boast,
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid: empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names:
And if for commerce, ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

X.

There are her friend, a marshall'd train!
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns to duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orien's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise.
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the south,
The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run

To

To the last volume's closing star;
Decypher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand:
Not such the sea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vast tracts, and ample beings, vaunt;
The camel low, small elephant;
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom nature's strife
Brought forth her largest piece of life!
He sleeps an isle! his sport the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

XV.

The Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian roar,
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap——
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred:
"The seas are ours,"—The monarch said——
The floods their hands, their hands the nations clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear;
The pow'rs of earth by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves;
Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend?

It were no less than parricide!——
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her high and mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there then of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know,
Commerce how high, themselves how low;
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

XX.

And what if earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate, to make the nations smile.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow,
To trade——to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge ax or hammer wield;
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

XXII.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old Time is poor: What age boasts such a sight?
Ye drones! adore the man divine——
No; virtue still as mean decline,
Call Russians barb'rous, and yourselves polite.

XXIII.

He too of Judah great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
That merchant sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king left much, the merchant bury'd more*.

XXIV.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,

Too

* Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immenſe ſum the next.

Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice,
Out-number'd sands, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs merchants vie:
If great to spend, what to supply?
Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings, merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
That o'r the teeming field prolific range:
Planets are merchants, take, return,
Lustre and heat; by traffic burn;
The whole creation is one vast exchange.

XXVII.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What says the sons of letter'd fame,
Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of scene,
Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade; art's mechanic, Nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars:
Reads warm in life (dead coloured by the pen)
The sites, tongues, int'rests of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all:
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

I.

How shall I farther rouse the soul?
How sloth's lascivious reign controul
By verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own!
Thy spirit pour like vernal show'rs,
My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a star,
In commerce this, or that in war,
Let Britons shout? earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve.
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the throne * a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs,
To cheer the globe, and wake the flow'rs;
The bloom call'd forth, see azure skies display'd;
The bird of voice is proud to sing;
Industrious bees ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run:
He shines in vain! her isle's an isle indeed,
A spot too small to be o'ercome;
A dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all:
Trade's all herself; hers, hers the ball;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtiers pomp the students ease!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the year.

Wh

* The King's speech.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball

IX.

Where is on earth Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon?
Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load *: Created sure, not made!
Servant and rival of the skies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—Humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadst thou been, if left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at pleasure on the flow'ry green?
If they had watch'd the midnight star,
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where had'st thou been?

XII.

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom:
Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust,
Which, passing num'rous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair:
Make earth well worth the wise man's care;
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race:
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Hers every sun; and India India meets.

* St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws;
Exalts even freedom's glorious cause:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine.

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleasure declin'd is luxury!
Boundless in time, and in degree:
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich——as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the main;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund;
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle! proud war decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to bliss, who could'st subdue mankind!

XX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by night; the stars are thine:
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain, and to bestow,
While ages last! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold;
Let Forbishers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' * shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
That womb of gold and gem †: her wide domain,
And universe! her rivers, seas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal Sire;
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? Why despair?
New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade as long as waters roll:
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree
By great ELIZA do not swear:
For thee, O GEORGE! the gods declare;
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
Full by thy fame, as swelling sails:
Constant as tides thy mind; as masts elate;
Thy justice an unerring helm,
To steer Britannia's fickle realm:
Thy num'rous race, sure anchor of the state.

STRAIN V.

1

BRITANNIA'S state what bounds confine?
(Of rising thought, O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, sets no bound.
She

* Born in England:
† *Vid.* Description of America.

She sallies, till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

II.

Small isle! for Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon
For georgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable shone;
They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

III.

Here no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth's illustrious: as I sing,
O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the planets round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies, (fair printed page) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror show th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse that shall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main;
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britains fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays;
How smiles* Arions friend with partial beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the lion lifts his main,
To see his British brother's reign
As stars below: the balance, George! from thine,

Which

* The dolphin.

Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More acurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court ye lesser lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair?
But oh! you practise shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize others hearts;
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

IX.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame!
And rolling, tell the nations,——"O'er the main
"To share her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
Britannia's centre, and your bound:
Austrian! where'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine,
Where'er the ripening sun can shine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill not so kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill do'st own,
Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st, that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh, that in time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to save.

XIII.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
Yet what if my prediction should prove true?

Know'st

Know'st thou the fatal pair, who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
As one rejected, what if one subdue?

XIV.

What naval scene * adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inspires her councils and records her pow'r?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
When her august, assembled senates low'r.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

XVII.

Nay, hers the sword? for fleets have wings,
Like light'ning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outsides; and lothe or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;

Admire

* The Spaniſh Armada in the Houſe of Lords.

Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown,
Trade's the big heart; bright empire, but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, or Mogul great?——
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed;
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people sell; one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines;
O'er gen'rous glebe, o'er golden mines.
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

XXII.

Not so thine, China, blooming wide!
Thy numerous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhaust both India's mines:
Shut be thy gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful song! her growth *inspires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming seas,
Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might:
Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
The various streams of trade command!
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful pow'r the world would brave,
Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
To GEORGE from Noah, empires, living, dead,

Their

* Coffee.

Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

XXVI.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth; of pow'r is made
The god on earth; hail then the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd; what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

XXVII.

Then perish war——detested war!
Shalt thou make gods? like Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore two as divine,
Wide-wasting storms before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For peace, with laurel every mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the * patriarch nature's ruins brav'd:
Two world's abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred too the merchant's name!——
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame †
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law:
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants, ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
The march of stars, the births of climes;

Summer

* Noah.
† In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Summer and winter theirs, theirs land and sea;
Theirs are the seasons, months and years;
And each a different garland wears:——
O that my song could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds;
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares;
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

XXXIII.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her stories in the skies †

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, sing! ye Tritons, blow!
Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
Ye navies to the concert bound!
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

MORAL.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bless'd, thy blessing know;
Or bless, in vain, the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most may lose who most possess;
Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her chearful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrant wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

† It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

III.

O for eternity, a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subjects crown.

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while heav'n-born freedom lasts;
Which trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
For what is tyranny? A monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in shades compress'd;
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

I.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to sure renown.
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme;
Why then unsung? my simple aim
To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
Not sport imagination's vain;
But list with you * ethereal train
The shining muse to serve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art and ancient praise,
The springs are open'd in my lays: †
Olympic heroes, ghosts around me throng,

* The ſtars.

† Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. VIRG.

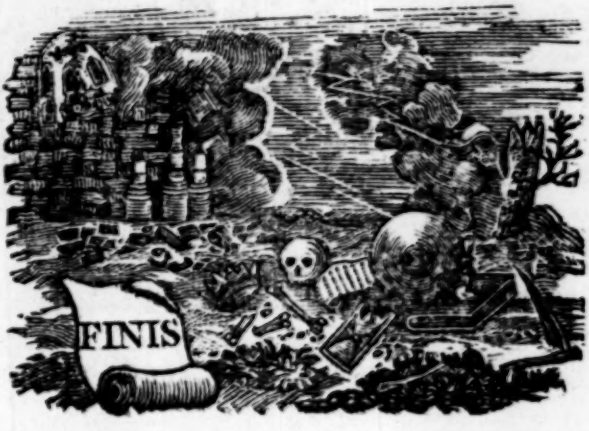
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
As far surpass'd as useful cares
Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong,
The charioteer's, not empire's golden reign.

V.

Nor Chandos! thou the muse despise
That would to glowing Ætna rise,
(Such Pindars breast) thou Theron of our time?
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
In life or song, how rare the true sublime!



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